

The Outlook

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LYMAN ABBOTT
Editor-in-Chief
HAMILTON W. MABIE
Associate Editor

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor
R. D. TOWNSEND
Managing Editor

In all probability the most important and difficult subject to come before the session of Congress which meets in December will be the right way to deal with corporations guilty of unfair and injurious practices and with monopolies which are such in a wrongful sense. Mr. Victor Murdock, the Progressive leader, has introduced in the lower house three bills, known popularly as the "Trust Triplets," in allusion to Mr. Wilson's "Seven Sisters," the anti-trust bills enacted in New Jersey. Senator Newlands, for the Democrats, has also prepared a bill. It is proposed here to outline the more important features of these bills, reserving for the present any editorial comment.

The first of Mr. Murdock's three bills creates an Inter-State Trade Commission; the second defines and prohibits unfair competition; the third deals with monopolies. The Inter-State Trade Commission would have seven members, six to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, the seventh to be the man who should, at the time of the bills' passage, be Commissioner of Corporations—the Bureau of Corporations would go out of existence. As the terms of office expire once every year after the first year, in time all of the members will be appointed by the President, and all are removable by the President for cause.

The Commission has ample powers to require information from all corporations as to their books and business; to make public all cases of over-capitalization, unfair competition, misrepresentation, or oppressive use of credit; to make and enforce regulations to carry out the provisions of the Act; to compel attendance of witnesses and production of documentary evidence; to employ agents and examiners of its own; and to punish neglect or failure to comply with its orders. Perhaps the most important point in this first bill, and one which is sure to

arouse opposition, is its statement of what corporations are to be subject to the Commission's jurisdiction. They must, of course, be engaged in inter-State or foreign commerce (otherwise a Federal law would not apply), and must not be corporations subject to the Inter-State Commerce Commission. But the special and important restriction is that a corporation must have "annual gross receipts exceeding three million dollars from business within the United States," to bring it under the law.

The second of Mr. Murdock's bills empowers the Inter-State Trade Commission to deal by

its own order, or
WHAT IS by a prohibition or
UNFAIR COMPETITION? injunction obtained

through the United States district courts, with any corporation within its jurisdiction guilty of unfair or oppressive competition. Briefly, such acts as defined by the bill include: Taking special rates from common carriers not granted to others; discriminating in selling prices between localities or individuals, except as justified by cost of distribution; bribery to get competitors' secrets, or any bribing of competitors' employees; making oppressive or exclusive contracts for sales where the seller has a substantial monopoly; maintaining secret subsidiaries or agencies for unfair trade purposes; and destroying competition through interlocking directories.

Mr. Murdock's third bill defines monopolies and instructs the Commission how to proceed

against monopolies injurious
WHAT ARE to business. The definition
MONOPOLIES? of monopolies underlies the purpose and power of all three bills. Monopolies may be either natural or artificial; but in either case a corporation is subject to the Commission only when it exercises "a substantially monopolistic power," and this is

defined as being "whenever such corporation or association, not being subject to the obligation of public service in the given industry in question, exercises control over a sufficient portion of such industry or over sufficient factors therein to determine the price policy in that industry, either as to raw materials or finished or partly finished products."

A natural monopoly is defined as resting on one of the following natural bases: control of natural resources; control of terminal or transportation facilities; control of financial resources; any other economic condition inherent in the character of the industry, including, among such conditions, patent rights. When the corporation is a natural monopoly, the Commission for good reasons may by its own order terminate "such monopolistic power, while at the same time safeguarding property rights and business efficiency." When the corporation refuses or neglects to obey such an order from the Commission, the latter may ask a United States district court to appoint over the corporation one or more supervisors who would have practically the same powers that a receiver has over a bankrupt firm. The supervisor would report, not to the court, but to the Commission, and, in the long run, the corporation must purge itself of its faults or wrong organization.

An artificial monopoly is one created by "artificial bases"—that is, by the corporations doing the things included in the definition given in the second of the three bills of what constitutes unfair and oppressive competition. And the Commission would act in case of wrongful artificial monopolies as provided in the second bill and outlined in our summary thereof.

The bill introduced by Senator Newlands creates an Inter-State Trade Commission of three members, only two of whom may belong to the same political party; they are to be appointed by the President, and to take over the records and duties of the present Bureau of Corporations. Like the Murdock bills, it gives ample authority for investigation of corporations, hearing of evidence, and ordering the production of books and papers. But the Commission would have far less power of action than under the proposal of Mr. Murdock. It would make reports to Congress and could

recommend legislation. It could not dissolve or regulate a corporation directly, or through the courts; but when a court, of its own instance and without the intervention of the Commission, shall issue a decree against a corporation, because it had violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Law or other regulative acts, then that court may, "in its discretion," refer the decree to the Commission with instruction to take evidence and report to the court what it thinks the right method of dissolution or reorganization. The Commission may also, of its own initiative, inquire whether a corporation has violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, may instruct the corporation as to what it should do to comply with the law, and if its instructions are not followed may report the non-compliance to the Attorney-General, so that he may act as he sees fit. The general criticism on the Newlands Bill is expressed by the popular phrase, "It has no teeth."

Another triumph—although this time a tardy triumph—for the principle of arbitration in railway disputes was gained last week. Between three and four thousand railway workers on the Sunset division of the Southern Pacific Railroad went out on strike, and the situation was threatening in the extreme, both for the public peace and for the enormous traffic involved. The division extends from New Orleans to El Paso, and enormous loss to sugar and cotton planters, whose crops must be moved, was involved. The difficulties had been argued back and forth for months without result, and attempts to arbitrate had failed. It is said that a thousand strike-breakers were in New Orleans ready to take strikers' places, and violence on a small scale began immediately.

As we pointed out last week in recording the peaceful settlement of the dispute between the Eastern railway companies and their trainmen, there is now no excuse for a railway strike on a large scale. The revised Erdman Law, as supplemented by the Newlands Act, offers such fair and practical methods for arbitration that either party to such a controversy which refuses to arbitrate must almost certainly incur public censure if public inconvenience and money loss follow. Happily this truth was realized before the Sunset line strike was a day old. The railway yielded to the request of the workmen for

THE NEWLANDS BILL

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a conference between the officials of the road and a joint committee of the four unions. This conference will consider the demands, which seem to be less for higher pay than for the removal of alleged grievances in methods of work and the treatment of employees. If agreement by the conference fails in whole or in part, any points unsettled will be referred to the Board of Mediation and Consideration provided for under the Newlands Act, and thus the principle of Federal arbitration will be applied.

Every time a great railway war is thus avoided the old hateful idea of industrial war yields way to the peaceful and economic method of fair play and mutual concession.

The Supreme Court of the State of New Jersey has rendered an opinion which can be

AFTERMATH OF THE PATERSON STRIKE

studied with profit by each and every municipality that is threatened with industrial war.

Readers of The Outlook will remember that during the progress of the recent Paterson strike the authorities of that city attracted to themselves no little notoriety because of the manner in which they handled the admittedly difficult situation that confronted them. Believing that the Industrial Workers of the World, the organization responsible for the conduct of the strike, must be defeated at all costs, they fought its revolutionary ideas and ideals by lawless practices, apparently with little realization of the fact that the best defense the law can have is its proper use. One instance that showed the spirit in which the strikers were handled was the arrest and conviction of Haywood, Tresca, and Lessig for "disorderly conduct." These three men, who had incurred the hostility of the Paterson police more by reason of their prominence as labor leaders than by any overt acts, were walking along the streets of the city followed by a large crowd of strikers when their arrest occurred. They were sentenced to six months in jail by Recorder Carroll, of the Passaic County Court. An appeal was taken in the case of Haywood. It was in setting aside his sentence that Justice Bergen, of the New Jersey Supreme Court, rendered the opinion to which we have referred.

The Act under which Haywood was convicted, he said, "declares that persons who shall loiter or assemble on the streets or public places of any city, being under the

influence of intoxicating liquor, or who, not being under such influence, shall indulge in or utter aloud indecent language, or shall address or make audible offensive remarks or comment upon any person passing along such streets or public places, or shall obstruct or interfere with any person or persons lawfully being upon such streets or public places, shall be deemed . . . to be a disorderly person. This conviction by its terms is restricted to the latter paragraph of the section, and therefore to sustain this conviction there must be some evidence that this defendant did obstruct or interfere with persons lawfully upon a public street.

"A very careful examination of the evidence in this case fails to disclose anything which would justify this conviction. . . . All that the evidence shows is that this defendant was walking on the sidewalk of one of the streets of Paterson, and that following him was a large crowd, marching on the sidewalk five or six abreast. There is not a particle of testimony showing that this defendant obstructed or interfered with any person or persons. . . . Why the crowd followed him is not made to appear, and the mere fact that he or any number of persons were walking upon the sidewalk, no other fact appearing, would not render him liable to the charge of obstructing or interfering with persons on the street. . . . If it can be said that whenever a person who is walking along a public highway, quietly and peaceably, shall be followed by a crowd, that he may be adjudged to be a disorderly person upon the ground that he is obstructing or interfering with other persons upon such street, then almost every person having something more than a local reputation sufficient to arouse the curiosity of the public would be liable to be apprehended as a disorderly person.

"No such construction has ever been given to this law, and, in my judgment, never should. . . . This conviction has not the slightest evidence to support the judgment that this defendant was at the time complained of a disorderly person."

Since the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands decided in 1907 that there was no

applicable law either of the
THE United States or of the archipelago punishing slavery as a
PHILIPPINES crime, the Philippine Commission has endeavored to persuade the Philippine Assem-

bly to place such a law upon the statute-books of the islands. Early last summer the Commission adopted a resolution and forwarded it through the Governor-General to the Secretary of War, urging that this matter be brought before the United States Congress. Whether through fear that Congress would pass the desired law, or through a sudden "conviction of sin," or through a desire to convince the new Governor-General of their ability for self-government, we do not know, but we are glad to record the fact that the Philippine Assembly has now placed itself on record as opposed to both slavery and peonage. The text of the new law has not yet reached this country, but we presume that it does not radically differ from that which the Commission has so long urged upon the Assembly.

Still more worthy of attention than the action of the Philippine Assembly in regard to the abolition of slavery is the course which the new Governor-General has pursued since the removal of Cameron Forbes. Dean C. Worcester, who has resided in the Philippines for eighteen years, and who for the past thirteen years has filled with great credit the important office of Secretary of the Interior of the islands, has returned to this country with decided views as to the wisdom, or rather unwisdom, of the policies instituted by Governor Harrison. Within fourteen days after Governor Harrison's arrival at Manila, Mr. Worcester is reported as saying:

Arrangements were completed to dispense with the services of several of the most competent bureau chiefs and assistant chiefs of the insular Government. The resignations of Captain Charles Sleeper, Director of Lands, and of Colonel Henry McCoy, insular Collector of Customs, were the first requested. The vacancy created by Captain Sleeper's removal was immediately filled by the appointment of Manuel Tinio, a bright young Filipino of good character, but absolutely lacking in knowledge of public land matters and administrative experience which would fit him to conduct a business enterprise of anything approaching such very large dimensions.

The Bureau of Lands has charge of the entire public domain, including agricultural and mineral lands and the foreshore, and excepting forest lands only. It has been stated in the public press that the appointment of a Filipino to this position meant a radical change in the public land policy. It is greatly to be feared that this is the case. Hitherto the policy has been to give the poor man—the poor Filipino who make up the bulk of the Christian population—and the ignorant wild man all possible assistance in securing homestead or free patents or in purchasing the usually small tracts of land

which they desire. Very many wealthy Filipinos who are large landowners dislike to have the less fortunate people secure lands, preferring to keep them tenants, as this makes it possible to hold them in peonage, or in a state closely approximating it.

The Director of Lands furthermore administers some seven million dollars' worth of so-called Friars' lands, purchased by the insular Government from religious corporations in order that they may be resold to their occupants. As in the case of public lands, wealthy Filipinos have repeatedly tried to prevent poorer people from purchasing holdings in the Friars' lands which they themselves wrongfully claim.

In commenting upon his own appointment, Tinio said that he knew nothing about the work. John R. Wilson, Assistant Director of Lands, has also resigned, and it is improbable that any competent person can be found for the salary of this position to tell Tinio what to do.

In an address delivered last week before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, ex-President Taft heartily supported the stand taken by Mr. Worcester. Mr. Taft pointed out that the policy of the present Administration in turning over to the Filipinos the majority of places on the Commission was fraught with grave danger to the peace of the islands, from the fact that these appointive commissioners, who serve as the upper house of the Philippine Government, have control over the non-Christian tribes of the islands, most of which are bitterly and traditionally hostile towards the Christianized natives.

The Congress nominally elected the other day in Mexico, but really ordered elected by

MEXICO: THE DICTATOR Huerta, was formally opened on
AND HIS CONGRESS

Thursday of last week. All reports take it for granted that this Congress, made up largely of officials and military men designated by Huerta, will be totally subservient to his will, and that it will indorse his despotic acts of the past and confirm his orders for the future. Huerta's address was delivered in person. It consisted of an elaborate defense of his action in driving out the old Chamber of Deputies and imprisoning scores of the members; the ground of justification asserted was that the Deputies were in sympathy with the rebels in the north, and that their Chamber was honeycombed with treason to the country as well as to the provisional President. Huerta asserted his constitutional right to act with "a certain measure of energy," and also declared that in an emergency the highest patriotism overshadows ordinary law.

He even likened himself to Napoleon, saying, "The words of great Bonaparte that the law is not violated when the country is saved shall always be true." Huerta has driven Manuel Adalpe from his Cabinet and sent him out of Mexico under the polite pretense of a vague foreign special embassy. Adalpe presumably was not subservient enough.

There was no evidence last week of agreement between President Wilson and General Huerta. Mr. Lind remained at Vera Cruz; Mr. O'Shaughnessy, Chargé d'Affaires, at the capital. Whatever negotiations had been going on between General Carranza and Mr. William Bayard Hale came to an abrupt ending. It is reported that Mr. Hale, for President Wilson, tentatively suggested a plan of gathering together fair-minded Mexican leaders not actively concerned in the present strife to act something as the Council of "Elder Statesmen" in Japan acts—this presumably in case Huerta should resign or Carranza obtain the upper hand. Carranza, as reported, declined to approve the idea or anything else that did not look to his own supremacy if he meets with military success.

Whatever favorable views our Administration may have formed toward Carranza were probably weakened by the reports of wholesale military executions by the insurgents. Such reports followed the recent seizing of Juarez by the rebels. Even more horrible reports followed the news last week of the capture by the rebels of Victoria, the capital of the State of Tamaulipas. But at the end of the week even the report as to the capture of Victoria was denied. Victoria is only about one hundred and fifty miles from Tampico, an important port on the Gulf. Tampico itself is, in a direct line, not much over two hundred and fifty miles from the capital. The fighting at Victoria emphasizes the peculiar character of the fighting in Mexico. It is not war on a large scale and with a correlated strategic plan, but a number of little wars, so to speak, at centers widely removed in an enormous territory. Thus, one week the rebels drive the Federals from Juarez, on almost the most northern point of the border between Mexico and the United States, and the next week we hear reports of the capture of Victoria, perhaps five hundred miles southwest of Juarez.

The possible future tension of the international situation was indicated by Great Brit-

ain's action in sending three war-ships to Mexican ports near the property of British industries and the request for protection by Lord Cowdray, head of the Pearson oil companies operating in Mexico. It is hard to judge just what is going on under the diplomatic surface, but reports lean to the belief that the European Powers, while unwilling to act unless in case of actual outrage to their subjects, are beginning to be impatient at the lack of any positive advance in the attempt of the United States to bring about by moral pressure an endurable or stable condition in Mexico.

"Eggs must come down," is the war-cry of the thousands of women in the Housewives'

League who for several weeks have been bending all

their energies toward the downfall of Humpty Dumpty. The women are fighting particularly for a reduction in the price of the cold-storage egg, for by the law of supply and demand fresh eggs are bound to be at a premium at this time of year; but the cold-storage product, according to the women, has been selling at a price far above what would assure the dealers of a decent profit, because the dealers have felt that they must charge all that the "traffic would bear."

According to the embattled householders, the eggs which were bought for storage at from 18 to 22 cents a dozen last April have been selling at from 35 to 50 cents a dozen, and they maintain that 32 cents is all that should ever be paid for such varieties. In Pittsburgh eggs have already dropped to that figure, owing partly to the agitation fanned by the League, but mainly to the fact that the ten million dozen now in storage will reach the eight months' age limit established by a Pennsylvania law on December 1. In several other localities prices have dropped, but as this issue of *The Outlook* goes to press Humpty Dumpty, representing the general market price, has not been budged from his high seat.

A picturesque feature of the food war has been the boycott threatened by the housewives. Mrs. Alfred Dunk, of Detroit, President of the Ohio Federated Women's Clubs, notified Mrs. Julian Heath, of New York City, the President of the Housewives' League, that at a word from the latter 25,000 Detroit women would cease buying and eating eggs, and Mrs. Heath claims that

thousands of women in other cities east of Kansas City would follow suit.

Whether the League wins its fight or not, its campaign has been valuable through the enlightening effect it has had upon the public. For one thing, many people have learned that a "number one cold storage egg" is often better than the so-called "fresh" article. The League's indorsement of the egg that has been kept at a nearly freezing temperature has removed much of the odium that formerly attached to the very term by which such eggs are designated. Furthermore, a great many housekeepers have learned that they can themselves put by a supply of eggs against a period of high prices, thanks to a commodity which can be purchased at any drug-store, namely, water-glass.

The Outlook recently announced a great gift for medical research in connection with the
ANOTHER GREAT GIFT FOR Johns Hopkins
MEDICAL EDUCATION University. This

gift has been supplemented by another of \$4,350,000 to the Cornell University Medical School in New York City. The name of the donor has not been made public, although he is understood to be Colonel Oliver H. Payne, who, it is said, has previously given four million dollars in varying amounts to the same school. This latest gift insures for the benefit of the school an annual income of \$200,000, which is to be used, not for building purposes, but to provide for running expenses. It will enable the institution materially to enlarge its faculty and to secure the services of men of the first standing. The school is now adequately housed for its present work; and the advance in the requirements for entrance is likely to keep its members down. A recent article by Dr. Flexner in the "Atlantic Monthly" emphasizes the need of more exacting requirements from students proposing to take courses in medical work. The Cornell Medical School requires for entrance the A.B. degree or a certificate of three years' work in some college of established position, or the ability to pass examinations based on this amount of work in some college.

Colonel Payne's gifts to the Cornell School have been on a large scale; and, like the other gifts for medical education and research, contribute directly to the highest welfare of the country. During the last fifteen years he had given four million dollars, always

stipulating that his name should be withheld; a stipulation which reflects credit on the man, but which in the case of such great sums is almost impossible of fulfillment. Colonel Payne is the son of the late United States Senator Henry B. Payne, of Cleveland, was graduated from Yale College, saw extensive service during the Civil War, and finally was put in command of an Illinois regiment. He has long been associated with the Standard Oil Company.

What will eventually be one of the greatest scenic highways in the world is under construction along the
A SCENIC HIGHWAY west bank of the
ON THE HUDSON Hudson River. Even

among those who have traveled up and down the Hudson by boat or train few have any idea that within fifty miles of the biggest city of the New World there is to be found in ravine and wooded hill, promontory, crag, and river, the rugged beauty of the wilderness.

This great highway, when finished, will extend from New York City to Albany—one hundred and thirty-three miles. Less than eighteen miles of this road remain unbuilt, most of which is now planned for. Portions of the road can be used locally; but only when these eighteen miles are completed will it become a highway of National character.

The most important unbuilt section is in the Highlands of the Hudson; and it is at this point that the scenery is most impressive. Though no photograph, of course, can really represent the contrast of color, the shifting lights, the almost dramatic contrast between the river and the massive cliffs and overhanging ledges, the photograph which appears in the illustrated section of this number of The Outlook conveys some idea of the sort of views that will delight the eye of one who drives along this section of the road. The spot from which this picture was taken can be reached only by a climb over rocks and through underbrush. Other places on the site of the road within a mile of this point are now absolutely inaccessible—except by balloon. From the place on the site of the road where the camera stood that took that photograph one will be able to see the road ahead, winding about the precipitous face of Storm King, the mountain on the left of the picture. A horizontal line drawn from the top of the distant mountain seen across the river would intersect the face of Storm

King at just about the point where the proposed road, carved out of perpendicular cliffs, will reach its highest altitude above the river.

The successful completion of this road, which passes through territory rich in Revolutionary associations, now awaits final action by the Federal Government. Inasmuch as two former Superintendents of West Point—General Mills and General Scott—have indorsed a suitable crossing of the Reservation that would not bring travelers near the ground of the Military Academy, it is taken for granted that no objection will be raised by the United States Government. Some of the wildest scenery lies within this Government Reservation. The most difficult portion to construct lies to the north of the Reservation, but this cannot be built to any purpose until provision is made for building the road through Federal territory. Most of the right of way through private lands has been already given as a donation to the people. The Orange County Supervisors have voted to acquire the remaining right of way. All that needs now to be done is for Congress to appropriate the comparatively small sum that is necessary for supplying the missing link—a matter of three miles or less. It is to be hoped that Congress will promptly do its part.

The "Independent" announces that, after forty-five years of work at the editorial desk,

A VETERAN EDITOR

Dr. William Hayes Ward, so long its editor-in-chief, is to become its Honorary Editor, to be freed from all routine office work, but to continue to write editorials and reviews, and to publish in the near future a series of articles, the fruit of his ripe experience, entitled "What I Believe and Why." Dr. Ward has united the tastes and pursuits of a scholar with the work of the editorial direction of the "Independent." He has been a man of tireless industry, and has kept up the habits of an original student in two or three departments during his long and active life. He was Professor of Science in Ripon College before he became an editor, and has long been a recognized authority on Assyriology. He was director of the Wolfe Expedition to Babylonia in 1884-5. He has been the author of many articles and several books on Oriental archæology, his most important work being an illustrated volume on

"The Seal Cylinders of Western Asia," published by the Carnegie Institution four years ago. His pastoral work began in Kansas in 1859; and he has long been known as a man of very earnest religious faith and of progressive theological views. A keen critic, abhorring slovenly work and carrying the instincts of the scholar into his profession, he has not lacked the sympathy which evokes the best in men, nor the keenness of insight which recognizes ability and promise behind imperfect workmanship.

At the ripe age of seventy-nine he retires, not from original work, but from routine work; and furnishes a fine example of youth of manner, mind, and spirit surviving in advancing years by reason of many interests and a vigorous intellectual life.

Members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and of its parent organization,

A PILGRIMAGE TO CHICAGO

the National Institute of Arts and Letters, returning from the annual joint meeting of these bodies, held in Chicago, November 13 to 15, are loud in their praise of the hospitality of that city and of its unfeigned interest in literature and the arts. Eugene Field's jest about "making culture hum" is not one that by any stretch of the imagination could be applied to New York, and Chicago can well look with equanimity upon the gibes of her Eastern rival when she herself has the substance as well as the appearance of progress in things intellectual. It is to be doubted whether any other city, Boston not excepted, could have provided a more attractive programme of welcome in honor of representative men of letters, artists, and composers. On the 13th, in the beautiful sculpture gallery of the Art Institute—one of the most admirable working schools of art in the country—there took place a dinner of greeting by seventeen literary, educational, and artistic societies or clubs; the absent Mayor was represented by the City Counselor, and the chairman was Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, the public-spirited President of the Institute, one of the leaders of Chicago's "Friends of American Art," who are building up its foremost gallery by notable purchases. Another feature of the occasion was the inclusion in the annual exhibition of pictures of canvases specially solicited from members of the two visiting bodies, which contributed to make the display one of un-

usual excellence in its showing of American painting.

The compliment to the composers was unique. On the afternoon of the 14th, in Orchestra Hall, there was given a programme selected by Mr. Frederick Stock, the accomplished conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, composed exclusively of works by members of the musical sections of the visiting organizations, and including pieces of large interest by George W. Chadwick, Arthur Foote, Edgar Stillman Kelley, conducted in each case by the composer; and others by Edward MacDowell, Horatio Parker, and Victor Herbert, conducted by Mr. Stock, who concluded with his own "Festival Hymn."

The perfection of the orchestra, even with scant rehearsals, and the intimateness of the beautiful hall, contributed to the enjoyment of a well-contrasted and creditable programme. The cordial appreciation of this musical treat by the audience should go far to stimulate and encourage American composers. It revealed the sustaining musical atmosphere of Chicago, so largely the creation of German influence.

The joint literary sessions on the mornings of the 14th and 15th were crowded to the doors of Fullerton Hall with an audience that responded with marked attentiveness and often with applause to the vital and suggestive addresses on Architecture by Mr. Hastings; on Literature by Dr. Crothers, Professor Lounsbury, and Mr. Burroughs; on Choral Singing by Mr. Chadwick; on Opera in English by Mr. De Koven; and on the Drama by Mr. Gillette. Most of the addresses rippled with humor, and if any came to yawn he remained to enjoy. Beneath the humor, however, one felt the serious conviction of the speakers as they made their telling points. Poetry was represented by Mr. Madison Cawein. Mr. Augustus Thomas responded happily as the recipient of the Institute's gold medal for Drama, and a fine letter from President Wilson placed the purposes of the organizations on the high plane of ideality. The visitors left Chicago feeling that they had discovered in that city a deep and genuine interest in letters and the arts. Mr. Howells expressed the thought of all in these words from a very interesting letter:

Chicago is very near, near every heart that loves great and generous things, and believes

them more and more possible as time goes on, and the perplexed and anxious present becomes the secure and radiant future, when all the poems and novels, the pictures and statues, shall be as good as those we should each like to create. When I tell over to myself the names of the Chicagoans who have done fine and beautiful things already in those kinds, I begin to envy the aspiration you will find among them.

And President Wilson struck a keynote in his letter:

I should like to be present to say how sincerely I believe in the usefulness of the two bodies joining in the meeting. It is of no small import to the country that such influences for upholding ideal standards of creative art should be encouraged. The commerce and material development of the country are of deep consequence to it, but above all must rise the objects we have in view. If those objects are disinterested and touched with insight, our greatness will bear greater distinction and enjoy the greater spiritual soundness and health.

Civic experts lately descended upon the city of Washington with a plan for establishing a model government in the District of Columbia. WASHINGTON AS A LABORATORY Mayor-elect Mitchel, of New York, Governor-elect Walsh, of Massachusetts, and Henry Bruère, of the New York City Bureau of Municipal Research, conferred with the President and submitted their plan, for the fulfillment of which they hope to obtain a Congressional appropriation of \$15,000.

"The Federal Government, with the city of Washington as a laboratory, will be able to give momentum to the development of efficient city government which can be provided in no other way"—this is the claim of the would-be surveyors.

A thorough misunderstanding of the plan and scope of the enterprise has been responsible for much irritation among citizens of the capital, which has been clearly reflected in the local press; there are also those whose civic pride revolts at the idea of laying open to the public the very serious social and administrative defects of the city which, to the eye of the casual observer, is the most beautiful in the United States.

Washington has a paternal form of government. Its citizens are disfranchised; executive authority is vested in three Commissioners appointed by the President, while the rôle of City Fathers is filled by the members of a Congressional committee.

Authority is absurdly apportioned. Were a diagram of the city government plotted, it

would look more like a crazy quilt than anything else. The signature of one of the chief executives is required every time a horse is to be transferred from one department to another, or when a dog is sold. A dozen signatures, vouchers, and letters are required to authorize a purchase involving the expenditure of one cent. There are wholly or quasi independent boards in every branch of the city government—boards possessed of arbitrary powers which serve only to keep petty jealousies alive and to block efficient work. In short, the District government is an unwieldy hodgepodge.

As a result, Washington still has some dire social needs which can hardly be duplicated in any other large city of the United States. Here are a few of the most flagrant ones which the social workers of the city have taken this occasion to call to the attention of the President:

Washington has no city hospital but the jail hospital; she has no school nurses; she has a very defective child labor law, and no legal limitation whatsoever to the working hours of women; she has no provision for the care of the feeble-minded; and she boasts a series of inhabited blind alleys where tuberculosis and baby death rates are as shockingly high as the standard of morals is low.

The Bureau of Municipal Research has framed fifteen hundred searching questions based on a knowledge of customary deficiencies in city administration. Washington could not pass a very high examination in these. There is no doubt that the experience of being surveyed by those who know how to do such things would be a wholesome experience for the National capital. There is a question, and it is a fair one in the minds of many, whether it is necessary to spend \$15,000 to have it done; whether, instead, it might not be done from within by those most familiar with the city's needs.

More than seventy-five thousand persons registered for the land drawing in north-

LAND LOTTERIES AND LAND HUNGER western Nebraska, where, on October 28 and the days following, were distributed 531 sections of Government land in the North Platte forest reserve and in the Nebraska military reservation. No other drawing, considering the area to be disposed of, has attracted so many seekers for claims. The land itself is not

particularly valuable. Outside the first two hundred claims there are comparatively few tracts useful for anything except grazing, and the price the homesteader must pay therefor is little less than the market value. The expenses of the thousands who traveled to the filing places probably exceeded greatly the market value of the entire body of land distributed.

The eagerness exhibited by the applicants is taken by many to mean the existence of a fierce land hunger, urging men to take long chances in the hope of securing homes. On the contrary, the real basis of the interest in this drawing was much like that of other similar events, the inborn gambling spirit, awakened by the presence of a stupendous lottery with a few capital prizes worth \$5,000 to \$10,000 each. Tens of thousands of those who registered were already well-to-do, many already owned valuable farms, and some are said to have deeded away hundreds of acres to their wives or friends before registering that they might safely enter the lists. Doubtless a form of land hunger does exist, just as it always has existed; but in this instance the money for which it was advertised that the choice claims could be sold was an important impelling cause. Land drawings have become an established form of speculation for many Westerners, and they register each time, hoping to win a fortune at a moderate expenditure of time and money. The man who really wants to till the soil can find opportunity without beginning on the unbroken prairies of the high plains. With the great ranches of Texas being broken into farms, with the Southern States bringing forward their fertile valleys and fruitful climate, with the East awaking to modern methods of scientific agriculture, there is little excuse for the man who has money enough to make the trip to a land drawing and to pay the Government's price for the raw land, with courage enough to break the prairie and bring it to productiveness, to seek a claim given in such manner and in these distant places.

Land hunger is a healthy appetite, and should be satisfied. The Western farms, often too large for proper tillage, should be divided into smaller holdings and made to produce their maximum of the earth's fruits. The man who desires to farm should use his intelligence and obtain a foothold where the efforts of his hands will give the largest harvest. Perhaps the Government's plan of

disposing of its reservations by lottery is the best that can be devised; but the mere fact that tens of thousands register for a chance at the drawing—clerks, merchants, land-owners, and small capitalists prominent in the aggregation—does not prove anything as an index of the real attitude of the average citizen toward farming as a vocation.

One would hardly expect a race of shop-keepers to make a success of farming, but

JEWISH FARMERS IN AMERICA

that is exactly what the Jews of America are doing. The Convention of the Federation of Jewish Farmers of America in New York City from November 16 to 19 served to call attention to the fact that the Jews of this country are in increasing numbers leaving the city for the country, and, what is more, are succeeding in their new environment by exerting there the same industry and painstaking care that have made them successful as merchants. After all, farming is only a business, and business methods properly applied are as certain to bring results in the field as in the shop.

The Federation of Jewish Farmers, organized four years ago to "improve the material and social position of Jewish farmers," has now fifty-one branches in fourteen States, with a membership of more than five hundred. Two hundred delegates were present at the Convention and exchanged views on the practice of their profession, and on less palpable but important matters concerning the position of the Jew in American society.

The Hebrew farmers have adopted all the up-to-date labor-saving equipment of their Gentile neighbors, and have gone a step further than some in forming co-operative systems of fire insurance and credit, which might be imitated to advantage, and which incidentally furnish another illustration of the "one-for-all and all-for-one" spirit that centuries of persecution have inculcated in the race.

Four years ago the Jews organized the first agricultural credit union in America. They now have seventeen of these unions, with an aggregate capital of \$9,165 and a total loan record of \$73,624. Their net profits have amounted to \$1,317, which is a rate of more than thirteen per cent yearly on their capital. The unions have been formed by the sale of shares to the extent of \$500 or more among members, and by the advance-

ment of \$1,000 to each union by the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society.

Other co-operative enterprises that have proved profitable are the fire insurance company of the Jews of Ulster and Sullivan Counties in New York State, which has saved these farmers \$35,000 in two years, and a purchasing bureau, established in New York City in 1910. This bureau, which began with a capital of \$300, has done business amounting to \$135,000, thereby effecting a large saving to its members, and has been instrumental in introducing to some of the least progressive farms improved machinery and modern agrarian methods.

Evidence that this return of the Jew to the soil is not a mere passing whim is found in the fact that the Jewish Aid Society awards an increasing number of scholarships in State agricultural schools each year to Jewish young men and young women, and by the fact that the Hebrew enrollment at most of these schools is steadily growing. It is estimated that there are now in the Cornell College of Agriculture alone more than one hundred and fifty Jews.

The American Government sent a suggestion to the recent conference among the Balkan

BALKAN IDEAS OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

States held at Bucharest, to the effect that the new treaty to be signed there should assure religious liberty to all those dwelling in the territories affected. The suggestion was turned down, on the ground that the constitutions of the various Balkan countries already had granted religious liberty. We are now learning by the treatment which Servia and Greece are according to the subjects of the territories conquered from Turkey what is meant by religious liberty in the Balkans.

A despatch from Monastir, largely a Bulgarian and Greek as well as Servian city but now within Servian territory, is in point. It reports that the Servian military and civil officials are asking the Bulgars to sign documents, declaring that their ancestors were Servians, that their Bulgarian feeling is only superficial, and that they desire Servian rule. It also reports that the Servians have closed the Greek churches and Greek schools in Monastir. On the other hand, they have opened a Servian church and have notified the Bulgars that they, the Bulgars, are to attend that church.

Only a few weeks ago, so we learn, a guard was set at the door of the Protestant church and he endeavored to turn back any Bulgars who approached. One man who insisted on going to the Protestant church on the ground that he had attended the church for thirty years was called to the police station and given to understand that, under penalty of losing his property, he must attend the Servian church.

At Koritza—or Kortcha—the American-Albanian school has been closed. The Greeks have taken possession of it on the ground that the district is to become Greek.

The Albanians have shown a more liberal spirit in their attitude towards this question than have the Servians or the Greeks. The Greek Church, the Roman Catholic Church, and Mohammedanism have all made progress in various regions of Albania. It is interesting, however, to note that throughout the new principality many Albanians welcome Protestant Christianity as a liberty-loving religion.

INTERVENTION IN MEXICO

The Administration has made an honest, patient, and persistent attempt to secure peace, order, and good government in Mexico by an appeal to the Mexicans themselves to secure such government by a peaceful and orderly election, and to that end it has endeavored by moral pressure to bring about the resignation of Mr. Huerta and the consent of Mr. Huerta and the opposing factions to abide by the result of such election.

This experiment has failed. Yet it cannot be said that it was not worth while to make the experiment. It has at least demonstrated that the American people have no wish to intervene in the affairs of Mexico and will not do so unless intervention is forced upon them.

This failure, however, leaves the Administration facing a very simple alternative. We must either abandon all attempt to secure peace, order, and good government in Mexico, or we must forcibly intervene for that purpose.

Abandoning the attempt would necessitate notifying the European Powers that we no longer hold ourselves responsible for the protection of the persons and property of their citizens in Mexico, and it would inevitably follow that we must consent that they should themselves furnish protection by such methods as they deem expedient.

Intervention would necessarily mean notify-

ing Mexico that we shall proceed to take such measures as we think necessary to preserve order, secure peace, and protect the persons and property primarily of all foreign residents in Mexico, but secondarily and necessarily, as a matter of course, of all peaceable and law-abiding Mexicans as well.

Whether we thus intervene by blockading the ports of Mexico or by invasion of Mexican territory by land forces is purely a question of method. Blockading the ports is just as truly war as invasion of the territory. We cannot adopt either method without accepting the full consequences of such warlike measures.

Such intervention probably would cost America much in money and in lives. But to abandon the peaceable and law-abiding residents in Mexico—Americans, Europeans, and Mexicans—to the factional fight carried on under leaders no one of whom hesitates at wholesale robbery and murder would cost America more than money and more than lives. It would cost her honor.

It is not too late for the Administration to secure, or attempt to secure, the co-operation of South American republics in this endeavor for the welfare of the two American continents. It is not too late for the President to call into conference the official representatives of Chile, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic, and through them invite the co-operation of those countries in this endeavor to secure justice and liberty for a neighboring community given over to anarchy and brigandage.

It is interesting to note that at the same time that The Outlook urges this policy upon the Administration as a necessary extension and application of the Monroe Doctrine, which in its essence is the duty of the strong nations toward their weaker neighbor, the principle is advocated by a writer whose object it is to prove that the Monroe Doctrine is "an obsolete shibboleth." In his volume devoted to this thesis, which is published by the Yale University Press, Mr. Hiram Bingham writes the following paragraphs as the practical conclusion to which all his preceding pages brought him:

"Furthermore, the very next time any awkward situations arise in one of the less firmly established republics, let us at once call a family gathering [of the Pan-American republics] and see what, if anything, needs to be done.

"If it is necessary to maintain order in some of the weaker and more restless republics,

why not let the decision be made, not by ourselves, but by a congress of leading American powers? If it is found necessary to send armed forces into Central America to quell rebellions that are proving too much for the recognized governments, why not let those forces consist not solely of American marines, but of the marines of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile as well?"

Is there any reason why the plan of united intervention by leading American powers in Mexican affairs is not practical? If there is no such reason, why not at once take steps to that end?

A BENGALI POET

For the current year the Nobel Prize for literature has been awarded to Rabindranath Tagore, the Bengali poet. This is the first time the prize has gone to an Oriental. It is natural, therefore, that the event should turn our thoughts towards the Orient.

The poet upon whom this honor has fallen belongs to a family in Bengal notable not only for wealth but for intellectual distinction. Rabindranath Tagore was born in 1860. He gave early promise of ability; but, although he learned quickly, he much preferred the fields and the woods to the school. When he was eleven years old, he was sent to the Himalayas so that he might early make the acquaintance of the great mountain solitudes of India. At the age of seventeen he was sent to England, where he thoroughly acquainted himself with the English language. His face—his favorite portrait appears on another page—even suggests a slight European cast, reminding one faintly of the face of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

On his return from England to Bengal young Tagore wrote poetry more vigorously than ever. It was essentially lyric poetry. His work steadily advanced in substance and quality. Its first characteristic was its patriotism. This has persisted all along, and has finally earned for Tagore the name of "the Soul of Bengal." His songs have passed throughout India, and have already exerted much influence in developing a racial and national consciousness. They have been sung at conferences and congresses, as well as in the streets and fields. The patriotic tone of Tagore's verse appears in the following lines:

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where works come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches the arms toward perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake."

In the second place, Tagore speaks of what all the loftiest literature speaks—of the things of the soul. And these things with him are intimately at one with the things of nature. A flower, a mountain, a cloud—all suggest God. And so Tagore talks to us. Has ever poet spoken of the love of God with greater simplicity? So keen a critic as Mr. Yeats has said that, when he tried to find anything Western to compare to Tagore's work, Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ" came to mind. Tagore's religious message is resonant with simple conviction and reverberates with the fervor of the Upanishads, the oldest speculative treatises of the Hindus, the words of which are always on his lips.

Tagore's poetry has the outline of a great etching in which one line suggests many and where calm spaces are left for the fancy of those who are to enjoy the work. The spaciousness of Tagore's poetry typifies the serenity of a race which deliberately makes and takes time for much meditation—a far remove from our bustling, "step-lively" Western civilization.

Tagore is a born poet. With him poetry is not an emotional experience which comes upon his soul from without; it is grounded in the very nature of his being. Even his boyish longings and fancies had a genuine poetic tone, and expressed themselves profusely in verse. A little book of poems written when he was fourteen is still read with delight by his countrymen. As he advanced in years the substance and quality of his work steadily developed.

To Bengal he is the prophet of a new life. His poems, novels, short stories, dramas, and essays form a whole literature in themselves, and for more than a quarter of a century have been influencing a large part of India.

Tagore's style is entirely different from that of any other lyric poet, Eastern or Western, of the century. His words are both unexpected and delicately expressive. The suggestiveness of his work is artless but abun-

dant. And, above all, the sense of rhythm and the wealth of meter which he has given to his mother tongue would alone place him in the front rank.

The award comes at the right time. A generation, even a decade ago, such an award might have provoked much surprise. The West was then being interpreted to the East, it is true, but not so much the East to the West. What did we know about Persia, India, China, Japan? A smattering of geography, a very little knowledge of manners and customs and of forms of government. But of the thought, the ideals, of the East, how much did we know? In these recent years we have become better acquainted with the Eastern man. We have come to respect, we have come to admire, his gentleness, his instinctive courtesy, his generosity, his seeming imperturbability, his mental subtlety, his love of country, his reverence for authority. And as we have come to respect some of his customs which at first did not appeal to our Western ways, so we are coming to appreciate some of his modes of thought and principles of life. He is no longer a mysterious-looking, impenetrable figure, one in every physical and mental way alien to us. When such men as Anesaki, the Japanese, a preacher of the philosophy of religions, and Tagore, the Bengali, a poet and a prophet, come to our shores, as they have done, they bring to us a quick, new understanding of their civilizations and we greet them as men and brethren. The world, as interpreted by them, becomes fraternal and spiritual.

Men have written about the re-entrance of Asia into the commercial competition of the world. They have written about the vigor and continuity of art in Asia. They may now begin to write about Asia's part in the field of intellectual effort. This does not mean that the Eastern countries have lacked either vigor or continuity of intellectual any more than of aesthetic effort. But it does mean that we have not yet appreciated the Oriental mind and what it has produced.

To most of us the mind of the East is like a closed book. Tagore, we believe, will open it for us. This is as it should be, for of all literatures and of all civilizations the poets are the great interpreters. In our Western literature we have a Dante, a Petrarch, and a Chaucer to interpret the Gothic age, a Shakespeare and a Spenser to interpret the Renaissance, a Lessing to interpret the eighteenth century, and, for the later period,

a Goethe, a Schiller, a Wordsworth, a Tennyson, a Browning. But what are the poet voices which reach us from the literature of the East? An Omar Khayyâm? But how many since his day? In reality, we are, with Tagore's help, only just beginning to lift the curtain which has hidden the Eastern literature from us.

Not the least of the services of the Nobel Prize for literature lies in the fact that it has already turned men's thoughts from the more beaten paths to what an Echegaray has written in Spanish and what a Mistral has written in Provençal. Now the service goes beyond, to the Orient itself. Its latest award will spur the men of the West to inquire what the men of the East have said and have to say.

The award will interpret the East to the West as the East has never before been interpreted. It thus becomes a historic event, a turning-point in the understanding of one hemisphere by the other.

A WORD IN SEASON

The season to which men and women in all kinds of shops look forward with dread is fast approaching. While the world that buys is thinking of its purchases the world that sells is thinking of long hours, exhausted air, and prostrating fatigue. Christmas has become too often a burden, and the festival of glad tidings and of the renewal of friendship a heavy tax on the most generous; while to those who stand behind counters it brings such physical exhaustion that it makes the very thought of giving hateful. The commercialization of Christmas is nothing less than a tragedy; and the perversion of the most beautiful festival of Christendom into a vast opportunity to sell things is a fearful satire on our common sense as well as on our sense of what is fit and spiritual in the commemoration of the greatest gift of God to men, and the pouring out of love by men to one another. Christmas does not need reforming, but our way of celebrating it with a debauch of shopping and a habit of giving, not as a matter of affection but as a matter of social convention, stands in sore need of radical reformation. The task is difficult, but by no means impossible of accomplishment. We have changed our National birthday from a day of barbaric din and the yearly slaughter of a small army of

boys into a day of rational pleasure; patriotic Americans no longer flee from it as from a heathen rite at which human sacrifices are offered up to a cannibalistic Goddess of Liberty. The day is now so quiet that it is possible to hear the Declaration of Independence when it is intelligently read. The Fourth of July has been recovered for commemorative uses.

And Christmas can be redeemed if we only set about the task collectively. The work cannot be done in a day, but we can take the first step with little trouble and with great benefit to an army of people. We can do our purchasing now, and spare the men and women in stores and shops the prostrating fatigue of the rush of shopping during the two weeks before Christmas. We can, and we ought to, give those who stand behind counters a Christmas; we take it for ourselves and enrich it for our friends, but we practically rob those who serve us of it. By our unusual demands on their strength we take from them the power of getting either religious joy or the pleasure of human fellowship out of Christmas. Our thoughtless procrastination robs Christmas of its beauty for a host of people. The Outlook urges its readers to make their preparations for Christmas now.

The Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving ought to have universal support; it represents a movement not only for the abolition of abuses, but for the liberation of men and women from a burden which is not only heavy to be borne, but is a travesty of a very noble impulse. To bring gifts with a glad heart is to sweeten the lives of those who give and those who receive; but to compel people to give is to make them participants in a shabby and contemptible hypocrisy. Under no circumstance ought employees to be asked to make presents to employers or to the representatives of employers. A spontaneous and voluntary expression of gratitude for just and generous treatment, or a willing commemoration of some happy event in the life of an employer or in the joint relations of employer and employee, is a kind of recognition which any man or woman would value; but to ask women in shops to contribute to gifts for managers or sub-managers is a practice open to abuses so obvious that it ought not to be allowed in any respectable establishment; and The Outlook hopes that the great department stores, where it may be most easily

abused, will prohibit it. Such a request, under such circumstances, is not a request but a demand, and a gift secured by this kind of forced contribution is a piece of petty tyranny over those who dare not resist.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Will you give us your definition of conscience?

To know what is the current use of the word you must be referred to the dictionaries. It is used in somewhat different senses by different philosophers. Broadly speaking, however, my answer would be this: As man has a faculty which enables him to appreciate the beautiful in art or nature, so he has a faculty which enables him to appreciate truth and rectitude in life. Just in the measure in which his appreciation of the beautiful in art is cultivated will be cultivated a distaste, a dislike, an abhorrence for that which is not beautiful, which violates the standards of art. Just in the measure in which his appreciation of truth and rectitude in life is cultivated there will be developed in him a distaste, a dislike, an abhorrence for that which is untrue and unrighteous. If he loves that which is good, he will abhor that which is evil. This faculty or power in man which enables him to appreciate the true and the good, and which makes the untrue and the evil abhorrent to him, we call conscience. It is a natural faculty, capable of being rightly educated, and also capable of being miseducated; but it is none the less true that through this natural faculty God speaks to the soul concerning the true and the right, as through the natural faculty of taste he speaks to the soul concerning the beautiful.

Do you believe in total depravity?

It depends upon what you mean by total depravity. My watch may be a perfectly good watch, but if its mainspring is broken it is totally useless as a watch until the mainspring is supplied. Total depravity can have no meaning except that he who is not consecrated to high and noble service is totally unfit to render the high and noble service for which he was created. If by total depravity is meant that every faculty in man is evil, I do not believe in it. On the contrary, I believe that every faculty in man is inherently good. His appetites, his passions, his acquisi-

tiveness, his approbateness, his self-esteem, are all necessary parts of a well-ordered human character. The evil lies in their maladjustment, and in the fact that they are not working harmoniously under the law of love. On the other hand, there is no faculty, however high and noble, which may not become evil if it is not rightly adjusted to the other faculties. The worst cruelties in history have been perpetrated by conscience, the worst superstitions by reverence. Love itself, unless reinforced and guided by conscience, may become a weakness. Many a mother has ruined her child by an unconscientious and unregulated love.

I wish we might have your views upon systematic giving or tithing.

These are two questions and should be kept distinct. Every one should form a habit of systematic giving, just as every one should form a systematic habit as to his expenditures, adjusting all his expenditures, whether for benevolence or not, according to his income. But not every one should attempt to give one-tenth of his income, and no one should accept the Old Testament system of tithing, adapted to the Hebrew people centuries before Christ, as a law for the regulation of his systematic giving in America in the twentieth century. There are some persons who ought not to give a tenth of their income; some persons who ought to expend nearly all their income upon the home, the wife, and the children. The first duty of every man is to provide for his own family. "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," says Paul. There are unhappily in this country a great many men who find it exceedingly difficult to provide adequately for their own households out of their too limited incomes. On the other hand, there are other men whose income is so great that only a very small portion of it can be expended on their own household without injuring their household by promoting habits of enervating luxury. Such persons ought to expend a great deal more than one-tenth of their income in some form of benevolence, though not necessarily in works classed as works of charity and mercy. To one who recognizes the truth that a railway into a new country opens the possibility of homes to thousands of before homeless families it may be a grave question whether it is best for him to expend his

money in building a railway or in endowing a hospital.

Jesus Christ seems to have talked no theology except that involved in his teaching God's Fatherhood. Is all other theology, then, unessential to religion—Paul's doctrine of atonement, Athanasius's speculations on the Trinity, etc.? And, if unessential, in what does its importance consist?

Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. Theology is what men think about that life. It is important that they should think correctly, but it is a grave mistake to confound the thinking about life with life itself. Botany is what men think about flowers, but botany is not flowers. Astronomy is what men think about stars, but astronomy is not stars. Sociology is what men think about the social order, but sociology is not the social order. So theology is what men think about religion, but theology is not religion. Paul in his Epistle to Titus has defined Christ's teaching. He taught us, Paul says, that "we should *live* soberly, righteously, and godly." It is true that he could not teach us to live soberly without some definition of sobriety, nor righteously without some definition of righteousness, nor godly without some definition of godliness. But he came not to teach us theories about sobriety, righteousness, and godliness, but to inspire through that teaching the spirit which will cause us to live soberly, righteously, and godly. If the people of the United States should accept the Anarchist's sociological theories, anarchy would result as a social practice. If the people of the United States should accept the pagan notion of God as a being to be dreaded, not to be loved, religion would degenerate into a pagan superstition. Theology is important as sociology is important, but theology is not religion. It is impossible to answer your question as to Paul's doctrine in a paragraph. I must hope some time to give in an article of some length my understanding of the teaching of Paul.

Will Dr. Abbott explain text, 1 Corinthians xv. 28, in his "Letters to Unknown Friends:" "And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all."

I have no such complete system of theology as enables me to explain the metaphysical relation of Jesus Christ to the Infinite Father. I can only say that I believe that Jesus Christ is the supremest manifestation

of God in human history, but that all manifestations of God are less than God himself, and that, at least in this sense, Jesus Christ is less than God himself; and that whatever tri-personality there may be in God, the intimations of Scripture all indicate a subordination of the Son to the Father, as in human relationships the son is subordinate to his father.

Will you give your interpretation of the statement in the eleventh chapter of John that Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus?

His weeping was an expression of sympathy with those who were weeping, an expression of that divine sympathy which draws God very near to every sorrowing heart.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE FIGHT FOR THE NATION

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

“**W**ATER, brains, labor, money”—those are the elements out of which water power is made. At least so declared Lewis Buckley Stillwell, the eminent electrical expert, in his speech before the National Conservation Congress at Washington last week. And water power was emphatically the subject before the Congress.

No one could have been present at its sessions without recalling that the first Conservation Congress, five years ago, was also held in Washington. The enthusiasm then awakened by Gifford Pinchot—the originator of that Congress and the father of the Conservation movement in America—was reawakened by him in even greater measure in this Congress, and the approving votes of the two days’ discussion of water power constitute for him a very great personal triumph.

The intervening Congresses between 1908 and 1913, which have been held at Seattle, St. Paul, Kansas City, and Indianapolis, have reflected the National sentiment concerning the treatment of our natural resources, and especially have done much service in directing the attention of the people towards properly utilizing the country’s water powers. But no one of those Congresses equaled the latest at Washington in numbers, or in representative quality of delegates, or in enthusiasm. About fourteen hundred delegates were present, and they represented every State in the Union. Nor was this all. For the first time in the history of the National Conservation Congresses, its meeting had the advantage of the presence among its members of a number of distinguished engineers, representing the more than twenty thousand engineers of the country enrolled in the ranks

of the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and the American Society of Mining Engineers. The Water Power Committee of the Conservation Congress had no less than six able engineers in its membership.

The success of this year’s Congress is chiefly due to the far-sightedness, tact, resourcefulness, and energy of the President, Charles Lathrop Pack, the well-known authority on forestry. At his instance an unheard-of amount of literature had been printed for the delegates’ instruction, and more than one large room was necessary to contain the graphic maps, models, and diagrams. The Congress showed its appreciation of Mr. Pack’s services by unanimously re-electing him President.

It had been announced that the two special subjects before the Congress would be water power and forestry. The sessions which had to do with forestry and lumbering were indeed interesting, a particularly appealing subject in that connection being the explanation of the Red Cross plans for aid in lumber camps by Miss Boardman, the efficient head of the Red Cross. But most interesting of all were the sessions which had to do with water power. The attack of the “States’ Righters” on Federal forestry has not been developed to the sharp issue characteristic of their attacks on Federal water power. The interests which have been fighting for States’ Rights were, by the complaisance of Governors or other authorities, able to send a good many delegates to the Congress. Those who had observed the water power lobbies which had tried to influence legislation before the Federal Congress rec-

ognized certain familiar faces among the delegates.

We are concerned with three kinds of National resources: (1) those self-renewing, like forests; (2) those not renewable, like coal, oil, gas, phosphates; (3) water power. New water flows day by day, yet the present flow if not immediately utilized is wasted. Moreover, the conservation of water power is a double conservation; the use of that power to furnish motive power for railways, for manufacturing, or to supply light, heat, and other domestic, agricultural, and municipal necessities, saves an equivalent amount of coal. Finally, water power arising from the water flowing in a stream is only one of the uses of that stream. Properly to conserve the water in a stream we must take into account its uses for navigation, irrigation, water supply, and water power.

To develop water power Mr. Stillwell's four elements should be kept in mind, especially the last, for some people seem to think that water power can be developed at little cost and little risk. In some cases this is true, but in many, if not in most, a very large investment of capital is necessary and the risks are often serious. Floods may destroy the works during construction, the stream flow may prove disappointing, etc.

The manufacture of water power tends inevitably towards combination, as Senator Burton of Ohio pointed out in his admirable address. Mr. Fisher, ex-Secretary of the Interior, declared that water power development is essentially monopolistic and that is why it should be effectively regulated. Mr. Pinchot, agreeing that better service to the community would be forthcoming if water power companies operated over large areas, also noted that, as ten groups of interests control sixty-five per cent of our developed water power, and as some of these groups are closely related, there may be dangers to public interest if no measures of restraint in operation are exercised by the people. He concluded: "The central issue in this whole thing is the great broad human question of the people's welfare."

Now, the consciousness of that welfare has already determined the controversy between the Nation and the States in favor of a central authority in railway rate regulation, pure food, and other problems. Hence, the question as to the elements entering into the manufacture of water power did not interest the members of the Conservation

Congress so much as did the question of a sound water power policy. Its three essentials of which the Conservation Congress recorded its approval are:

Prompt development.

Prevention of unregulated monopoly.

Good service and fair charges to the consumer.

Some electric water power comes from streams on private property; some from navigable streams, or from those in the National forests or on the public domain.

The regulation of service and charges is generally a local or State function. Federal regulation occurs (1) when water powers are developed on navigable rivers; (2) on public lands; (3) in the cases of public service corporations engaged in inter-State commerce.

In the Government's attempt to utilize the surplus power beyond the needs of navigation and to charge therefor, opposition has come from those who claim that this surplus power belongs to the States and not to the Nation. These protesters are doubtless sincere "States' rights" men in the sense in which that principle has been asserted by the Democratic party. In the first place, they would divert the Federal revenue to the several States. In the second place, because of varying and indulgent authority, they themselves would make more money. Such men at the Conservation Congress came mostly from the States of South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, New Mexico, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, and Washington.

On the other hand, most of the friends of the conservation of our natural resources believe that the surplus power belongs to the Nation, not the States. These have resisted the efforts of the other side to get as much as possible of the public domain and National forests into the hands of the several States. The fight for the Nation was bound to come. It came at the fifth Conservation Congress.

The fight fixed itself upon the approval or disapproval of the report of the Committee on Water Power. While a sharp difference of opinion existed among its members as to certain details, its report—upon which it was unanimous—emphasized certain general principles which should govern the granting of principles and embodied specific recommendations looking towards effective legislation. The unanimous report and the majority and minority reports also each emphasized

with earnest approval the principle of Federal control. At the same time, even the extremest advocates of Federal control recognize that the investor should be fully protected. According to the unanimous report, the following principles should govern the granting of a privilege to use a water power:

(a) The privilege should be for a definite period, should be financially attractive to investors, should be irrevocable except for cause, and should be reviewable by the courts.

(b) After this definite period the privilege should continue subject to revocation in the Government's discretion upon giving reasonable notice and upon payment of the value of the physical property and the improvements made.

(c) After the expiration of the definite period, at recurring intervals of not more than ten years, the amount of compensation to be paid to the Government for the privilege and of the conditions of the grant should automatically come up for determination.

(d) The privilege should be unassignable.

(e) The privilege should be granted only on condition of development of the whole capacity of the power site.

(f) The right to receive compensation for the value of the privilege, varying according to the proper conditions of each case, should be reserved to the government, State or Federal, from whom the privilege comes.

(g) The Government should have the right to prescribe uniform methods of accounting.

The Chairman of the Water Power Committee was Professor George F. Swain, the head of the Department of Civil Engineering at Harvard, and also President of the American Society of Civil Engineers. The other members were Mr. Pinchot, ex-United States Forester; Mr. Stimson, ex-Secretary of War; Mr. Stillwell, past President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers; President Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin; Mr. Leighton, formerly the hydrographer of the United States Geological Survey; Mr. Webster, of Stone & Webster, one of the largest and best-known firms engaged in financing and constructing water power developments; and Mr. Hall, a civil engineer of Atlanta. All of these men are authorities on water power development.

The difficulty with the water power report, according to the "States' Rightsers," was in the use of the word "Federal." After a long fight, they were beaten by a three-to-one vote. They were not at all pleased at their defeat. Some of the more impetuous even charged that the Forest Service had been in complicity with Mr. Pinchot in an improper and illegal expenditure of public funds, for the

purpose of bringing hundreds of Forest Service employees to Washington to back the Conservation Congress. This rumor, really too absurd for serious consideration, was stopped only when Mr. Graves, the United States Forester, announced that no member of the Forest Service had been brought to Washington for the purpose.

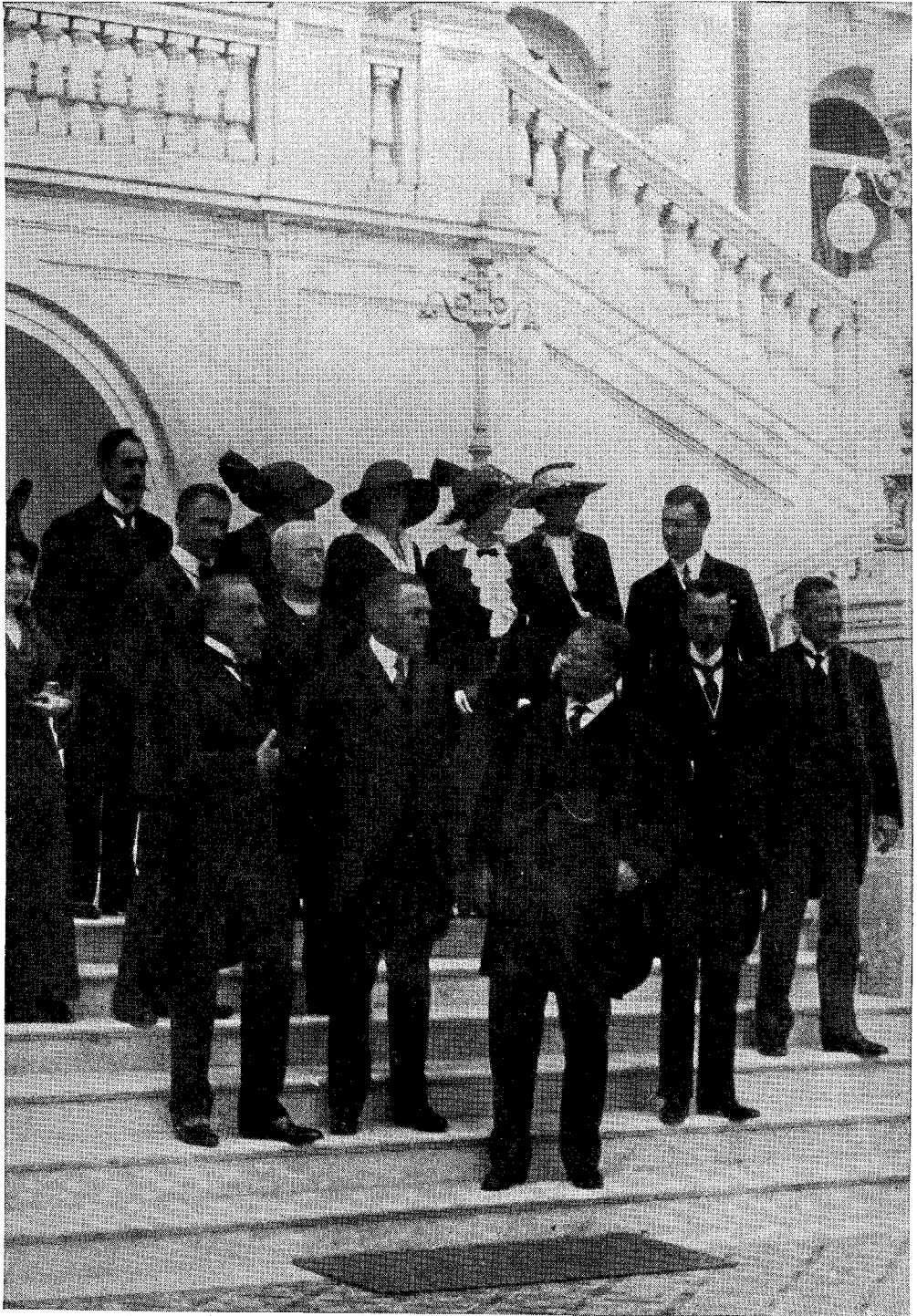
Of course the daily papers accentuated any expressions of sharp differences of feeling and opinions. Certainly the fight was lively and strenuous enough in all conscience. For instance, behind me sat a young man who marked every approving reference to States' rights by emitting a piercing yell. Similar screeches from others followed this example. Finally some ladies alongside ventured to request the young man to desist. "I can't," he replied; "I have come five thousand miles to do this." To show the character of the contest, Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, one of the States' rights leaders, actually defended the Coosa River Bill, which met, in Mr. Pinchot's words, President Taft's "wise and patriotic veto." Another States' rights leader, Senator Shafroth, of Colorado, pleaded that Federal control imposed undue burdens on the Western States, and declared that "the question of the maintenance of Government was at the bottom of all this." Yet, despite this menacing declaration, he sat smilingly alongside me all one afternoon, vigorously applauding every sentiment which I did not applaud. His good humor was shown at the end of the afternoon when, stung by some allusion to his previous course as Governor, he rose to reply, and yet on the protest of an unknown person at the back of the hall that "the time had been too much taken up by ex-Secretaries, ex-Senators, and ex-Governors in defending their records," simply turned around, smiled on the protester, and said, "Very well, have it your own way," and sat down.

The majority of the Congress did have its own way. It is the Nation's way. But it is cheering when that way can be accomplished with good humor as well as in good spirit.

The good humor was well illustrated on the evening between the two days of strenuous sessions concerning water power when at a great dinner the best feeling prevailed, and at which an especially inspiring address came from Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, a man of Presidential timber. But he was born in Prince Edward Island!

ELBERT F. BALDWIN.

Current Events Pictorially Treated

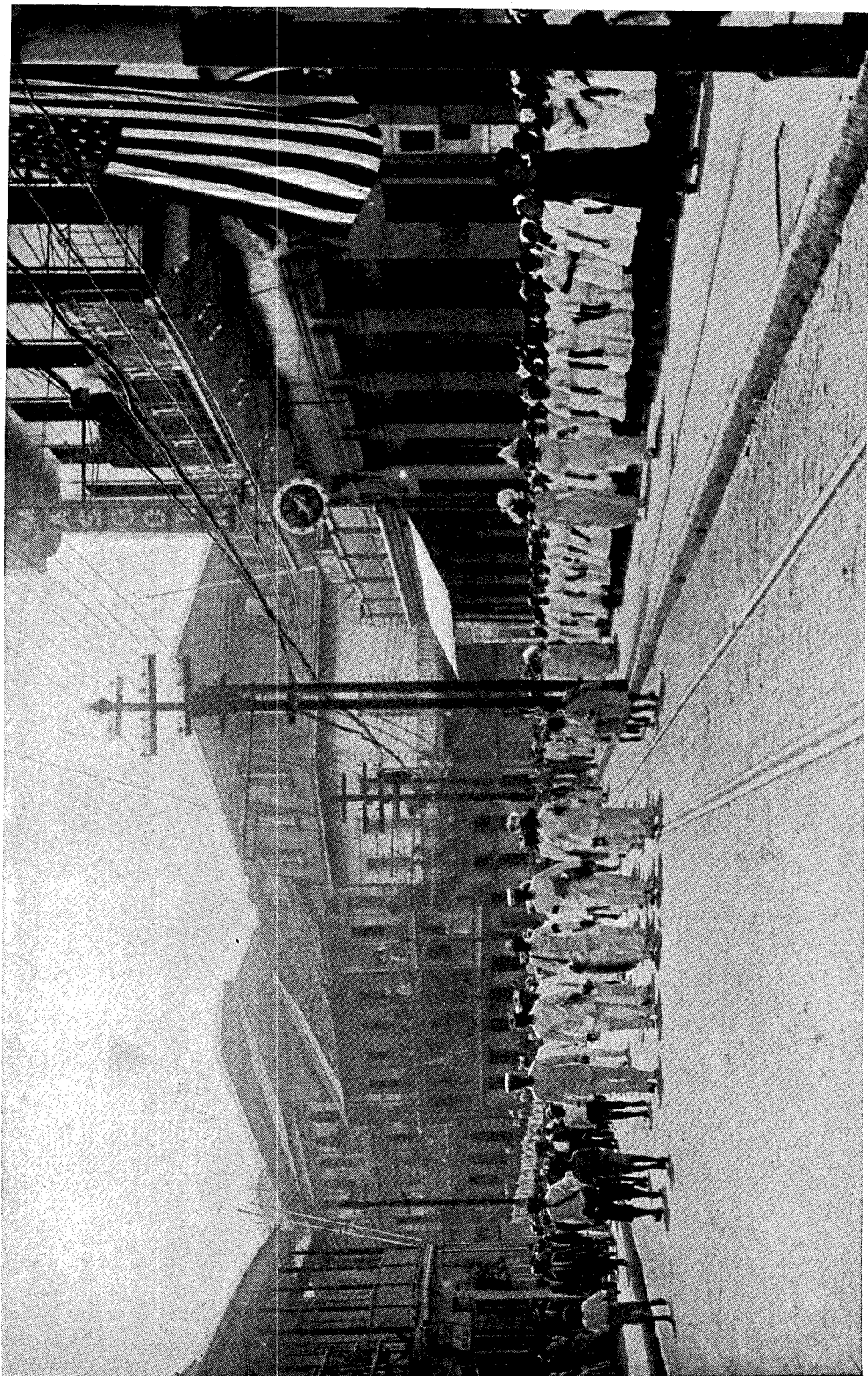


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MR. ROOSEVELT IN SOUTH AMERICA

Mr. Roosevelt is in the center, on the lowest step. The Brazilian Reception Committee are gathered around. The building is the Palace Guanabara, at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

See elsewhere in this issue Mr. Roosevelt's article descriptive of his voyage to South America



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THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE PANAMA REPUBLIC

A feature of the celebration was the procession of school-girls, of whom nearly 3,000 marched through the streets, which were handsomely decorated with the flag of Panama and with the Stars and Stripes



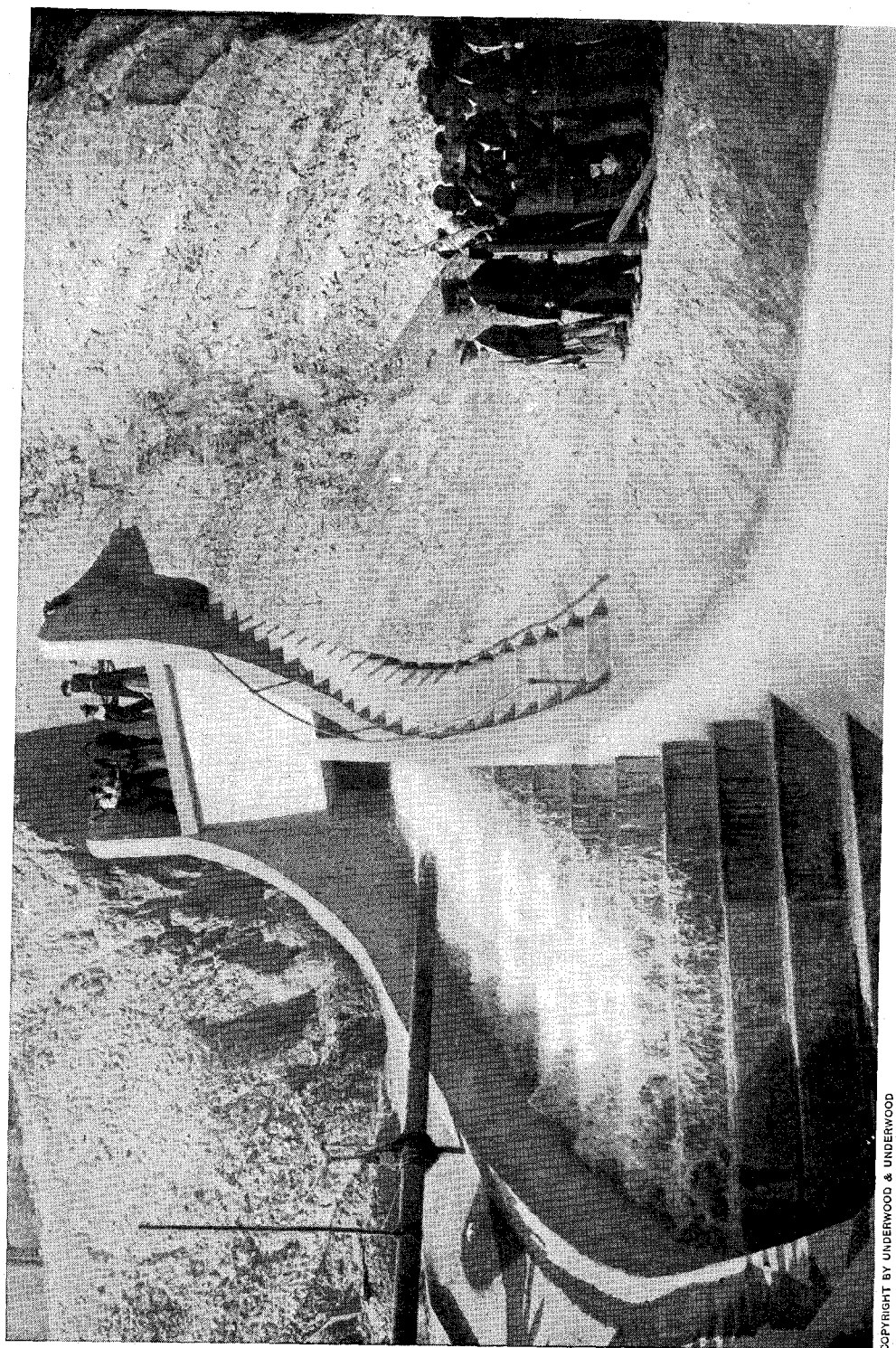
FROM AN ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN

রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE

The Hindu poet who has just been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature

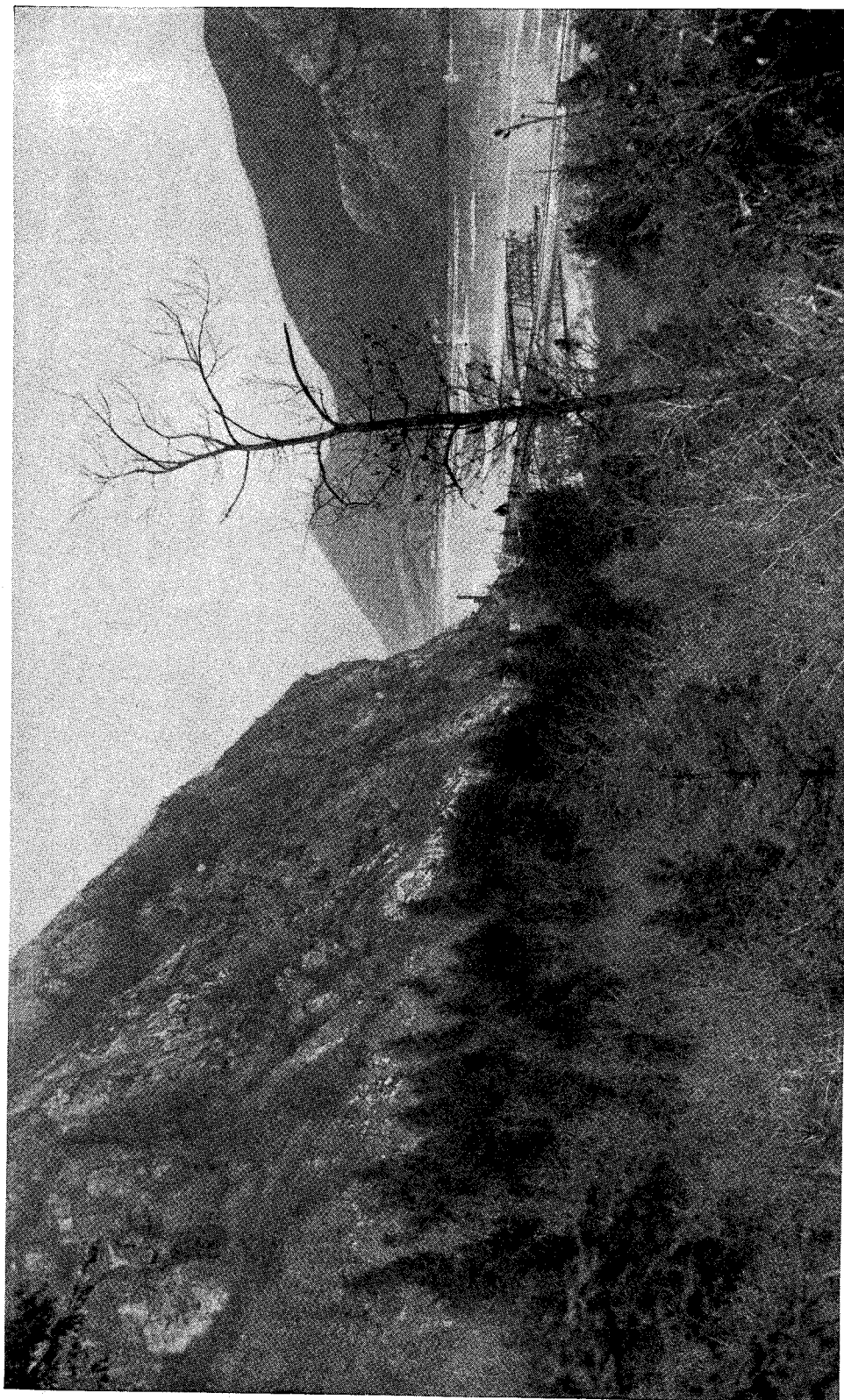
See comment on editorial pages



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OPENING THE FLOOD-GATES OF THE GREAT LOS ANGELES AQUEDUCT

This aqueduct, just completed, is one of the great engineering triumphs of the West. It has cost the great sum of \$26,000,000, but it will bring the pure, cold water of the Sierras to every household in the city of Los Angeles, over two hundred miles away.



COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD. TAKEN FOR THE OUTLOOK

STORM KING MOUNTAIN, ON WHICH A SPLENDID SCENIC HIGHWAY IS TO BE CONSTRUCTED

The far-famed scenery of the Highlands of the Hudson is at its finest at this point. The proposed highway will be cut into the precipitous face of the mountain here, about 400 feet above the river. This photograph, giving the view toward the north, is taken from a point on the site of the road. See editorial pages



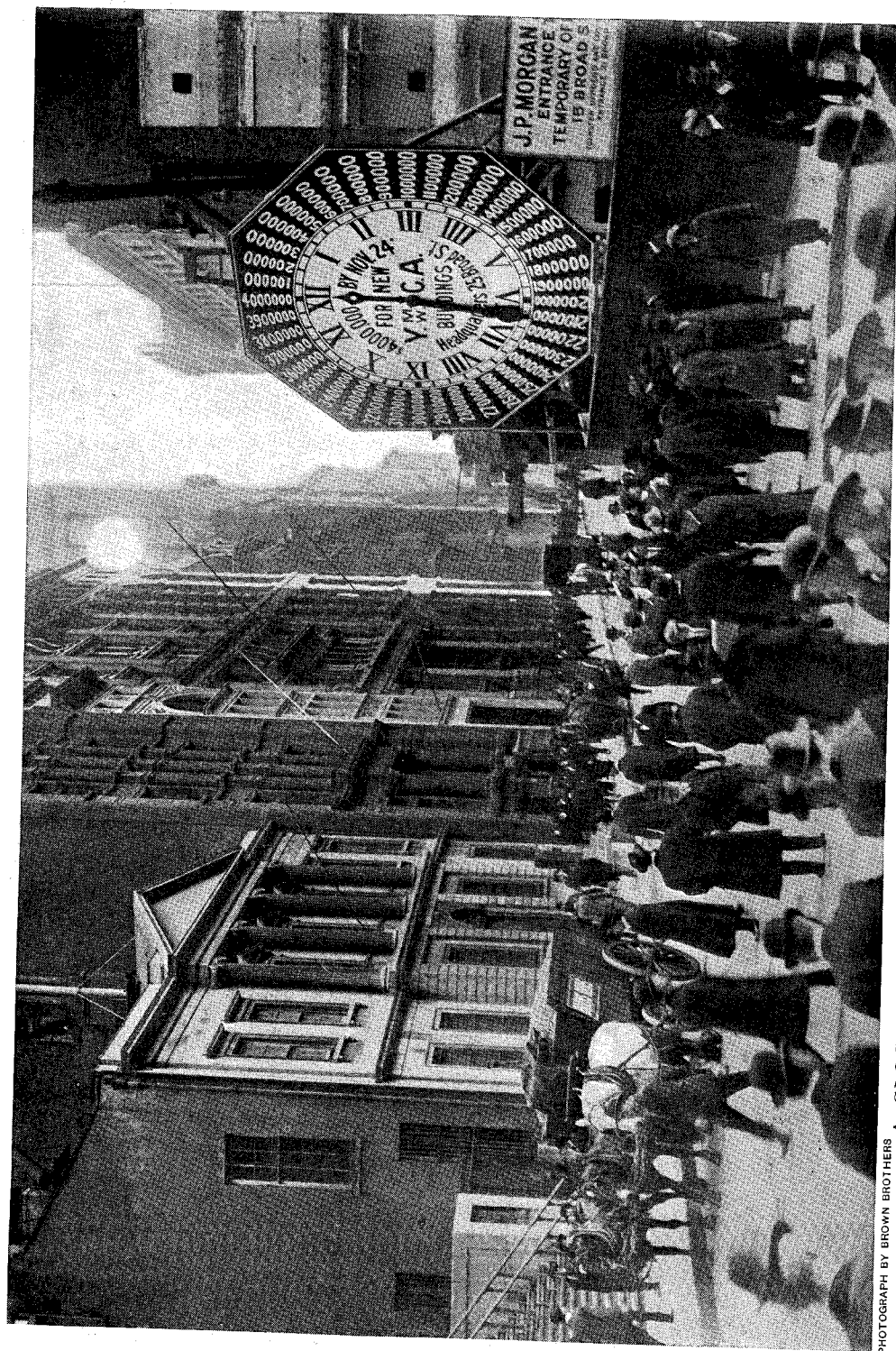
MILLARD FILLMORE



JOHN C. CALHOUN

SILHOUETTE PORTRAITS FROM THE HAND OF A MASTER

A great collection of silhouettes by August Edouart has just been dispersed in New York. Edouart was Silhouettist to the French Royal family, when, in 1839, he visited the United States and attained great popularity. He made over 3,600 silhouette portraits while in America, his clients including many celebrated men. Two fine examples of his work are shown above



PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

A CLOCK THAT REGISTERED THE PHILANTHROPY OF A GREAT CITY

In the campaign to raise \$4,000,000 for the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations of New York City several of these great clocks marked the total sum that had been raised at a given hour. The clock shown above was, as is indicated by the sign at the right, in the Wall Street district



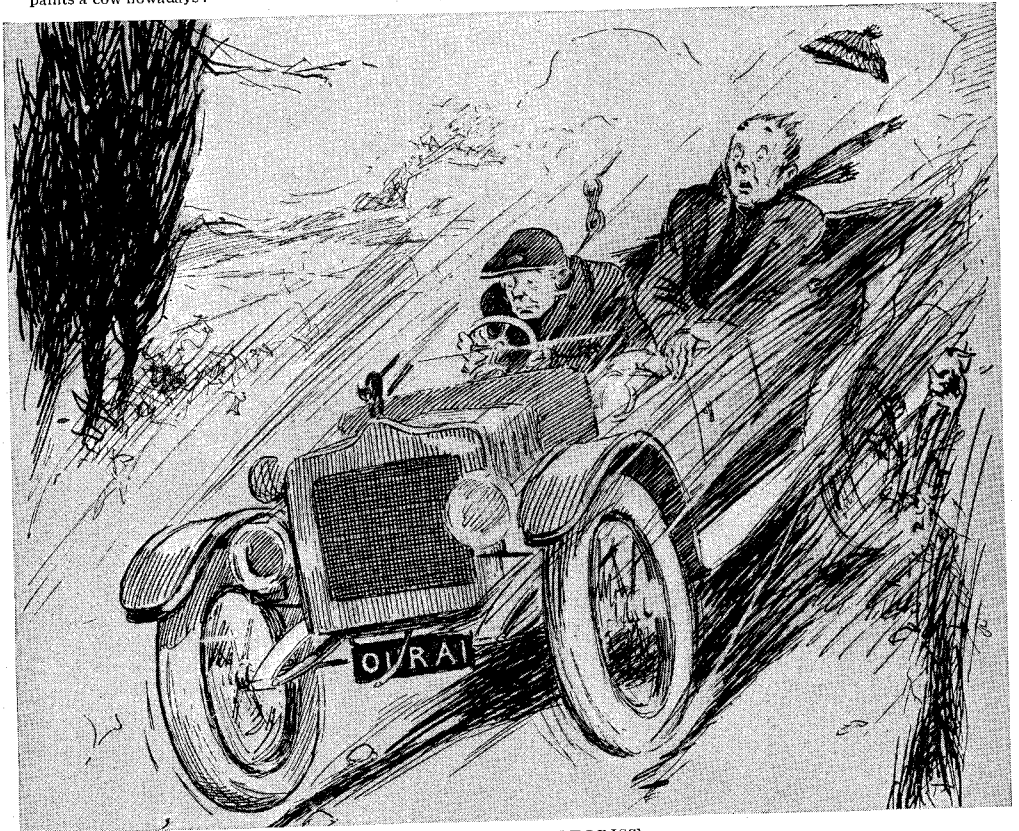
IN THE MODERN ARTIST'S STUDIO

The Servant's Friend. See here, John, you can't tell me that any cow ever looked like that!
The Cubist's Servant. Sure not; but that's the way one paints a cow nowadays!
 —*Fliegende Blätter.*



ARK-AIC

Inquisitive Little Boy. Were you in the ark?
Peevish Old Gentleman. No; of course I wasn't.
Inquisitive Little Boy. Well, why weren't you drowned, then?
 —*The Tatler.*



THE SCOTCH MOTORIST

Sandy. I'd give half-a-crown to be out of this.
Mac. Hold your noise, mon. Another minute and you'll be out for nothing.—*Tatler Motor Supplement.*

STEAMING SOUTHWARD

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF
ARTICLES ON SOUTH AMERICA

During his visit to South America Mr. Roosevelt is preparing a number of articles on the countries through which he passes and their peoples and problems. The subjoined article is preliminary in character, describing a part of the voyage and a visit to Barbados. Though connected by a common subject, these articles will not be dependent on one another, but each will have independent interest.—THE EDITORS.

ON October 4 we left New York on the Lamport & Holt steamer Vandyck.

It is astonishing how comparatively few of our people realize that it is now as easy and comfortable to go to South America as to Europe; and it is no less astonishing for those of us who are past middle age to realize how very easy and very comfortable traveling has become. On such a steamer as the one on which we took our passage, clean, roomy, with everything to add to the mechanical attractiveness of life on the steamer, I rather hesitate as to whether "luxury" is not a more appropriate word than "comfort." One thing is certain. Not only are second-class passengers infinitely better off than were the first-class passengers in the days, forty-odd years ago, when I first crossed the Atlantic on the old Cunarders Scotia and Russia, but the improvement has been even more marked for the third-class passengers, and on most ships quite as marked for the crew themselves.

The direct trip from New York to Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro is delightful. Not only is this route bound to become a great traffic route in the near future, but it is bound to become a great passenger route. It is a delightful trip. Of course terrible storms are sometimes encountered on the southward trip, and now and then a hurricane more violent than anything outside the tropics. But as a rule the seas are smoother and the passage far less tempestuous in the low latitudes than in the roaring forties. Throughout our trip there was no more motion than would have been pleasant on a summer yachting cruise, and no excuse for anybody feeling under the weather. Day after day we steamed steadily through the sapphire seas, while the trade winds blew no less

steadily in our faces. Now and then we saw flying-fish or dolphins; now and then some great sea-bird, an albatross or booby, came near the ship. On the fifth day after leaving New York we steamed past the beautiful Lesser Antilles, leaving them on our left hand. We were close to them, and in the brilliant air we seemed even closer than we were. Island after island, we raised them out of the sea ahead, saw their outlines grow clear and their coloring change from dim blue to brilliant green, studied the details of palm and cane-field, of wooded mountain and low white town, as we leaned on the port railing; and then saw them sink astern. St. Kitts, Nevis, Grenada, Martinique, one by one they slipped past us; little dots of sea-girt land where the lives are curiously isolated and lonely, yet each with a past that at one time or another has been full not only of interest but of romance.

In passing through the West Indies, any one who is sensitive to the storied interest of the past must feel something of the thrill that he feels in so many parts of the Old World. For over four centuries the region across which the great passenger steamers now ply their uneventful course has seen drama after drama, often of terrible and tragic interest, often of vast importance to the future of mankind. The Spanish Main—why, the very words suggest romance and mystery and fierce adventure! The islands were discovered and the waters first furrowed by ships of Mediterranean admirals, and they were followed by other ships bearing the steel-tempered *conquistadores* of the days when the sun of Spanish glory towered to its zenith. After a stretch of time crowded with brilliant happenings, but brief as it was brilliant, this same sun entered on its period

of long decline. The descendants of the conquerors grew inert, peace and ease and sloth ate into their warlike fiber, and new conquerors appeared to do to them as their forefathers had done to others.

The rise of the English power began with, and the world-wide dominion of the English-speaking peoples was heralded by, the feats of Drake and his fellow-freebooters against the Spanish galleons in the Spanish Main. To the corsairs who flew the flag of a great power succeeded other corsairs who warred openly for their own hand. The buccaneers, French, English, and Dutch, sacked the Spanish cities, ravaged the Spanish coasts, took possession of Spanish islands, in this rich harvest-field of their exploits. To them succeeded the pirates who preyed on the ships of all nations, whose hand was against every man, who were hunted down by the regular forces of all nations, and who made their last stand in these seas only some eighty years ago.

Then, as Spain grew decrepit, the nations that had once warred against her turned their swords against one another. By this time the islands had become divided among many European Powers—Spanish, French, Dutch, English, even Danish. Every time that war broke out among the kings and peoples of Europe the shock was felt in the West Indies. Hither came the great fleets of France and England, the cruising ships of the line, with their tiers of heavy guns and their towering pyramids of sheeted canvas. Some of the fiercest and most important sea fights of history were fought in these waters; some of the greatest tragedies of seafaring life took place here. The ships of the war fleets of those days were crammed with men, fierce, hardy, brutal, utterly ignorant of what we would now regard as the elementary rules of health. Great though the loss of life was in the bloody conflicts they waged with each other, it was as nothing to what happened when pestilence smote them, when scurvy or yellow-jack or some putrid fever bred in their own foul hulls smote them and ravaged till the few disease-worn survivors could hardly work the ship to port. Here too the slave ships thronged. The darkest horrors of the sea were those of the middle passage, when the ruthless slaving captains fed the sharks with the bodies of the men and women who to them were but black human cattle.

Man, plague, and tornado, all took their

toll of life. And under and through it all the slave trade was working blindly for a future of which the haughty races who contended for the mastery of the islands little dreamed. The whites had exterminated the Indians; then they fought for centuries among themselves; and all the while the African slaves, whom they had brought over for their own pleasure and profit, were, by their mere presence, preparing a day of evil reckoning for the remote descendants of the wrong-doers. There has never been more terrible retribution on any race for any wrongdoing than the retribution that fell upon the white men of tropical America for their misdeeds towards the blacks. The whites brought the blacks to the West Indies so that the whites might live softly; and the blacks have stayed in the land, have multiplied, and have driven out or are driving out the whites. Most of the islands are becoming, and some have already become, a black man's country. It is a perilous thing for a race to practice selfish indulgence at the cost of others. The price that their children's children pay may be the price of race extinction itself.

The history of this island-dotted sea has been one of slumberous, sensuous calm, torn now and then by the fiercest hurricanes of human wrath and wrong-doing. Just as is true of nature itself in these lands that lie in their hot, drowsy beauty under the golden sunshine, the earth, the water, and the air warn with a treacherous friendliness, broken at times by the direst plagues, by volcanic outbursts, or by the mad fury of the whirlwinds.

At Barbados we stopped for some hours, and were most hospitably received by the Governor, who motored us over the island. We lunched at the Governor's house in cool, bare, attractive rooms, and strolled into the beautiful garden with its many strange trees. The Chief Justice of the island had come down with us on the boat from New York, and had told me much that was of peculiar interest to an American. What I saw added to the interest. Barbados has been an English island for nearly three centuries. It is very healthy. For some reason the Anopheles mosquito will not live on it, so that there is no fever, and the whites whose families have been here for more than two hundred years are a peculiarly fine set physically and mentally. The Spaniards never settled on the island, which, by the way, takes its

name from the bearded fig tree. The first English adventurers who landed found only Caribs. In the Government House there is a quaint old map of the island as at first discovered, a map containing those delightful pictures which, alas! the severe precision of modern cartography has eliminated. The settlers themselves appear here and there on this map, and pictures of wild cattle and swine which they hunted, and of laden camels. In one place stands a Carib chief, with his canoe, which it is mentioned is thirty feet long—it must have been a seagoing canoe, for there is certainly no water in the island in which to float it. A more ominous touch, characteristic of the age, and marking its utter unlikeness to our own, is a picture of a mounted man following and firing on two runaway Negroes. Slavery was rife here, as all through the West Indies; and, as everywhere else, when it was abolished the Negro was found to outnumber the white man many times over. In no other island of the West Indies, and indeed nowhere else in the New or the Old World, has the problem of the Negro's presence been better solved than here in Barbados, and in very few places has it been as well solved.

Although a small island, Barbados is densely populated. Every foot of fertile soil is tilled. There are nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants. Of these only twelve thousand are pure white. The overwhelming majority are nearly pure black. There is complete equality of treatment of the two races. Each man is treated on his individual worth. The Assembly, or lower house, is elected by the people. The suffrage is limited in various ways, but it includes all who earn \$250 a year, so that every respectable mechanic has a vote. Of the voters probably two-thirds are black, or colored, yet nine-tenths of the members chosen to the Assembly are whites, and the others are colored men or black men of good character who have prospered in business and possess standing in the community. Evidently the voters have the sense to treat their representatives with more wisdom than our own voters sometimes show. Education is free to all. There is but little crime of the more serious type, almost no crime of the type of murder, rape, or robbery under arms; although now and then there will be an epidemic of sneak-thievery or housebreaking. There is no political discontent. Black men and white are entirely satisfied that they receive justice

from the Government, and that the Government is administered in their interest.

Of course wide differences appear among the non-whites, the colored people. There are any number of the lower class who, although honest and industrious, are still in a primitive state of culture. These included the men and women (as many women as men) whom we saw industriously breaking stones or working on the roads. We saw men digging earth and loading coal, and women carrying the coal or earth in baskets. I was informed, and can well believe it, that if some one beats a tin can, which makes an admirable substitute for a tom-tom, near a group of the huts in which these men and women live, in a few moments they are all out dancing a regular African dance.

From these black peasants there is a steady gradation upwards without a break to the fine-looking colored men whom I saw both as professors and students in the college, and to some of the public officials. The Chief Justice prior to the present incumbent of the office was a black man. The newspaper reporters were all colored. The present Solicitor-General is a colored man, and is accepted by his white colleagues frankly on his own merit. When I saw the college boys, I was met by the whites and those of color intermixed on terms of entire equality. This equality extends to both sports and scholarship. There is a Barbados scholarship like the Rhodes scholarship, the winner of which goes to one of the great English universities, and while this winner is ordinarily a white boy, on several occasions he has been a colored boy. In short, it certainly seemed to me as if the effort had been made with good faith and success to treat everybody on a footing of justice and fair play, giving to every colored man who showed the power to rise the chance to do so, and the reward for rising, but not doing anything for him merely because he was a man of color. I was informed that there was little or no intermarriage now between the races.

Around the ship, in addition to the swart boatmen who were anxious to carry passengers and luggage ashore, there were tiny, cranky craft each with two or three boys eager to dive for any coins that were thrown overboard. Most of these boys were Negroes, but in several of the canoes there were one or two white boys, not to mention light mulattoes. Not only did they dive and swim with easy proficiency, but the precision and

poise of movement that enabled them on leaving the water to climb into their unstable craft without so much as rocking them made the onlooker marvel.

The Panama Canal has had a marked effect upon the island. Barbados has such a teeming population that the people are of necessity industrious, and in spite of their industry sometimes find the problem of living serious. They have furnished many thousands of first-class laboring men to the Canal Zone. Some of these have risen to good positions, chiefly on the colored police force, but the great majority have been ordi-

nary laborers. They have sent back in savings half a million dollars or thereabouts, to the great benefit of the banks. Some apprehension, however, was expressed to me lest, when the work on the Canal was completed, the men who returned to the island, with a larger outlook, new wants, and increased ambitions, might add a new problem. One thing that interested me, by the way, was the number of small landowners on the island, there being from one to two thousand of these landowners who own from an acre upwards. Altogether, the impression left by Barbados was very pleasant.

A FORGOTTEN RACE

BY FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE

This article of observation about little-known places and people will have additional personal interest to readers because of the marriage of Mr. Sayre to Miss Jessie Wilson, daughter of President Wilson; at the White House, on November 25. Mr. Sayre is a graduate of Williams College of the class of 1909, and of the Harvard Law School three years later. In both institutions Mr. Sayre took notably high rank. He was the valedictorian of his college class, and, unlike some other valedictorians, was actually popular with his fellows! He was also manager of the football team. He is an "all-round man," an expert horseman (as is indeed necessary for the owner of a Montana ranch), an explorer, as the following article indicates, and active in work for humanity, as his presidency of the Williams Christian Association, his two years' service with Dr. Grenfell in Labrador, and his more recent work in the District Attorney's office of New York City can testify. He leaves the last position to return to Williams College to become assistant to the President.—THE EDITORS.

SIBERIA, to most of us, is merely a sound-symbol for a vague troop of ideas which we usually associate with the name—convict mines, hopeless wretches slowly wearing their lives away, and ice and snow. We rarely think of it as the home of a people, the abiding-place of an ancient race who for hundreds of years have been battling out their existence, silent and alone in the great North, almost unknown to what we are pleased to call civilization. Still less do we realize that through these very Eskimo of northern Siberia, living under the shadow of the Arctic Circle, our own America was probably first peopled. Long since they have passed out of memory, and to-day one finds them living on this forgotten coast almost on the borders of savagery.

It would be difficult to imagine a country more isolated or cut off from the outposts of civilization. Vladivostok, the nearest city of any importance, is over two thousand

miles to the southward along a desolate, tattered coast, which is seldom sailed; and Vladivostok itself is separated from the more inhabited parts of Russia by a trip of from eight to fourteen days on the comfortable Trans-Siberian Railway which runs from Stretinsk to St. Petersburg, a distance of some forty-six hundred miles. From Vladivostok a Russian gunboat runs north patrolling the coast once a year; passage may usually be secured on this by the holder of proper passports. Perhaps the least difficult means of reaching the country is by sailing north from Seattle two thousand miles to the little Alaskan mining town of Nome on the shores of Bering Sea, where open water lasts for at least three months of the year, and from there sailing across Bering Sea to the westward. No steamers ever make this latter journey; indeed, there are no ports on the Siberian coast for them to run to. The only people who ever sail across from Alaska

are the native Eskimos in their skin boats or *oomiaks*, and a few venturesome traders in their little ten or fifteen ton schooners.

If the traveler is fortunate enough to be able to secure at Nome a small trading schooner, he will find it, with favorable winds, about a two days' sail across Bering Sea to Indian Point on the Siberian coast; to this must usually be added several days spent at Nome waiting for the surf to go down. There is no harbor at Nome and no dock of any description; it is a town built on the sands of the sea beach, and all landing or embarking must be done over the open surf, which often runs so high that it is impossible to take a boat through it. Fog is usually encountered most of the way across, the warm air from the southwest being suddenly chilled by contact with the northern ice floes and condensing into thick fog. When finally land is "picked up" by the skipper at the end of the second or third day, it is a sight which one can never forget. Bleak, desolate cliffs, storm-scarred and barren, bare of all vegetation, loom up a thousand feet above the sea; at their base the gray-green sea is endlessly pounding and tossing the white foam high up into the wind; great patches of snow lodged here and there in the less steep slopes contrast sharply with the dark weather-torn rock. Myriads of sea-birds fly high above, screeching, and circling the cliffs where they have their nests; save for them there is no sign of life. All is desolate, lonely, terrible in its silence, which seems all the deeper for the weird bird-cries. But for those who love the wild, untamed places it is very beautiful. Even though it is mid-August the air is cold and piercing; the warmest winter clothes are not sufficient to keep out the chill wind. Sea and snow and rock—whether terrible or beautiful depending on the soul of him who sees—this is northern Siberia.

Towards sundown one evening we came to a little Eskimo settlement on a rocky point running out into the sea from the base of a huge cliff. As we neared the shore we could see the natives running about hither and thither on the beach, and gathering in crowds to look at the strange boat; and almost before our anchor had dropped two or three yellow walrus-skin boats full of natives had been launched over the surf, and were rapidly making their way out to inspect us. Our little boat was soon crowded with Eskimos, clad in their fur *parkas* and sealskin *mukluks*. Full of curiosity, they inspected everything

from stem to stern; and with the delight of children examining a new toy, over each fresh object of interest they babbled to one another in their strange guttural language. As soon as we could we lifted our dory over the side and made for land, followed by the natives in their skin boats.

As we neared the shore we watched the squat little skin-clad figures running about and pointing to us as they excitedly gesticulated with one another; and a few minutes later we had landed through the surf and were pulling our dory up on the beach, the swarthy natives—men, women, and children—crowding in close upon us, eyeing us with solemn, serious faces, but ever ready to return a sympathetic smile or a friendly "Ha-loh!" None of them were over five feet six in height; their faces were very broad and square, but wore a peculiarly Chinese expression, due largely to the set of their eyes; their hair was very straight and black, the men's cut as short as they could crop it on the top of their heads, making a shorn circle below which it was allowed to grow long and fall to their broad shoulders; their skin was quite dark; all were clad in sealskin and fur parkas, and all were pervaded with an odor peculiarly their own. The women were clad in almost the same costume, but were distinguishable by their little solemn-eyed babies, which they unconcernedly carried on their backs, papoose-fashion. Most of the village had gathered on the beach to greet us, and wherever we went we were followed by curious throngs. No governor could have had a warmer reception.

We found the village to be a small whaling settlement. Drawn up on the rocky beach were two or three whale-boats, in which lay some native ivory-tipped harpoons. Most curious of all, we found these to be genuine New Bedford whaling-boats, brought all the way from the little whaling center of Massachusetts and introduced among the natives by the white traders at prices ranging from two hundred and fifty pounds of whalebone upwards. They are the only boats which will stand the wear and tear of whaling on this coast; other whaling-boats have been tried, but all have alike gone to pieces. Everywhere we went were gigantic whale-bones scattered around; in many places the ribs, six or seven feet high, were stuck up perpendicularly in the ground like large posts, on which were stretched to dry long thongs or lines, cut from walrus-skin, which the natives use in place of rope. Here and

there similar whale-ribs were used as props on which to support a cache of meat, or perhaps a skin *kayak* or *oomiak*, four or five feet above the ground, and so out of reach of the dogs. The "huskies," or *komatik* dogs, were ever prowling around, half wolf and half dog, to fight and snarl, and eat what they could steal. For though in the winter they are the salvation of that country, since traveling over the snow, and consequently furring, would be quite impossible without them, yet in summer they lie around, ill fed and surly, and manage to keep about as dirty as their Eskimo masters.

The native winter houses, or *igloos*, present the appearance of large, turf-covered mounds. Owing to the long, sunless winters, when the thermometer often registers fifty below for days at a time, the first thing which must be considered is warmth; and the Eskimo has solved the problem by following the example of the wolves and foxes and living underground. A circular hole, perhaps fifteen feet in diameter, is dug in the ground to the depth of four or five feet; this is domed over with turf supported by whalebones and covered with earth, so as to give little evidence of a dwelling-place from the outside. There is seldom any wood used in the construction of these igloos, for, owing to the severity of the long winter night, not a stick of timber can be found growing on the coast, and the only wood to be had is the very limited amount of driftwood which is washed up by the sea. Wood is very precious just under the Arctic Circle. The only ventilation, or outlet for smoke, in the igloos is through a single open hole in the roof; this is covered in times of storm by a flat piece of whalebone. Sometimes an additional smoke-hole is formed in the roof by a hollowed whale vertebra. The floor of these underground chambers is paved with flat stones, so irregularly laid as to leave it very muddy in summer. The igloo is entered by an underground passage, often thirty or forty feet long, opening into the igloo through a small hole in the floor. Frequently a second underground chamber is entered by a small manhole opening in the wall of the first. In the winter the accumulation of snow on top helps to keep the igloos warm, and to retain in them the heat from the native seal-oil stone lamps. On top of the winter igloos in some villages the natives construct summer houses made of walrus skin; these are more airy, and are doubt-

less a pleasant change from the onerous housekeeping duties of the winter palaces.

Perhaps the most striking thing about these people is their entire lack of religion—that is, religion such as we understand it. Of course they have their superstitions and beliefs in supernatural powers, but these are all powers of evil; it is a devil-worship, a live-long attempt to cajole or circumvent the devil-gods, so that one may escape their malicious recognition. It is a religion of fear—where ideals of truth and righteousness are entirely lacking. It is one of the most primitive forms of religion, such as must have been almost the starting-point, back in the dim ages, of our own religious beliefs. Man's soul cannot be fed on bad beliefs any more than his body can thrive on bad food; and so, as could be no otherwise, these soul-starved people have little if any moral honor. Lying, stealing, and immorality are not uncommon. Wives are commonly bought, and the size of a man's harem varies directly as the size of his pocketbook.

"How many wives have you got?" a native once asked me, as he boarded our little trading steamer. It was surely a naïve question with which to accost a stranger; but at least it was a relief from the eternal "weather remark." I told him I had none. His face showed surprise.

"What'se matter?" he asked. "Got no money?"

Almost as strange as his lack of religion is his lack of tribal organization. By what I have been able to learn from actual observation, and through conversation with the Eskimos themselves, these people have apparently never had tribal chiefs, or family clans, or any headship to their villages. They live as individuals, every man for himself and devil take the hindmost. Justice is issued by the individual after his own individual conscience. Might makes right; and the weaklings are left to take care of themselves. This seems the more remarkable when considered in contrast to the Indians of southeastern Alaska, who have such a strongly developed system of family and clan organization, each with its individual heraldic emblem carved on the family totem.

Take away from a man his religion and his social organization, and all you have left is the beast that is in him. I have seen many types of Indians under many different conditions, but none have I ever found quite so animal-like as these Eskimos of northern Siberia.

In this day of telegraphs and automobiles and flying-machines, in a time of such wealth and boasted prosperity, it is not pleasant to think of those comfortless creatures, huddled on the ground in their dark, windowless, filth-ridden igloos, clad in vile-smelling sealskin, eating their midday meal of raw walrus meat or seal blubber, pulling it to pieces with their fingers or with the aid of roughly fashioned knives. In many places they are still using the same old jade knives, set in ivory handles, made from walrus tusks, that their fathers must have used back in the stone age, though in most instances, through the advent of the white trader, the slate or stone knife has been replaced by a steel cutting-piece set in the old ivory handle.

Through the summer the men go out in their kayaks—light, one-man boats made of sealskin stretched tightly over wooden ribs, in the management of which they have grown very expert. Much of their time is spent in the open water among the ice floes hunting walrus or seal, which they spear with harpoons tipped with walrus ivory or steel points, and which they throw with great force. To the harpoons are attached fifty or sixty feet of line, made of thongs of walrus skin, fastened at the other end to an inflated sealskin, which acts as a float on the water and marks the path of the wounded seal or buoys the grave of a dead one. These harpoons are so ingeniously made that, on striking the seal, the handle becomes detached from the harpoon point and floats to the surface of the water. Almost the same harpoon I have seen among the Eskimos of northern Labrador and Greenland, as well as among those of Alaska; indeed, a study of the resemblances and similar peculiarities of these Eskimos of the East and the West leaves little room for doubt as to the Labrador Eskimos originally having come over from Siberia by crossing Bering Straits, and thence eastward across the ice and snow of Arctic North America to the Atlantic coast.

The winter is the Eskimo's time of keenest enjoyment. Then it is he harnesses his dogs to his komatik or dog sledge, and goes into the country furring and trapping for Arctic fox, or "silvers," or "reds," or wolves, or ermine; and if he is successful, the winter diet of seal and walrus meat is varied with caribou meat, which he brings home on his komatik. Or perhaps he prefers to remain on the coast and go out on the ice with his dogs after polar bear and walrus.

It is a time of long-continued nights, when the world seems dead with the still cold, and the sun never rises far above the low, white horizon, and seems itself chilled and lifeless; but the big soul of the Northland is everywhere, and grips his spirit; and he will tell you he likes the winter best.

In the spring come the great walrus hunts, just as the ice is beginning to break up and open water is seen here and there; it is a time of plenty, for walrus means everything to the Eskimo. From its skin he makes his boats and lines and sundry articles of clothing. From its ivory tusks he makes his harpoon points and knife handles and ornaments of many kinds. Its meat feeds him and also the all-important dogs that draw the sledge in the wintertime; and from the intestine skin he makes his waterproof bags, or his parka to keep him dry in times of storm. Much of the spring walrus meat is buried in the frozen ground and saved for the following winter; when dug up it has a peculiarly fine racy and gamy flavor, at which the Eskimo never balks. Unhappily, it is often a question of green meat or none.

Perhaps the most exciting sport is the whaling, done with native canoes, just as the open leads of water begin to appear in the breaking ice. Whales are fond of following these open leads in the springtime, and the Eskimo, well knowing the whale's habits, stations himself, with his fellows, on a point of ice jutting well out into the lead. Suddenly a whale is seen slowly lunging out of the water, deliberately making his way along the lead; he spouts some water, and slowly goes down again. The Eskimos shift their position, and the harpoon man takes his place alone in the skin canoe on the ice. A second time the whale's huge back rolls out of the water, this time much nearer; again he goes under. Silently the Eskimos wait; they know he will reappear a third time, and have well calculated the distance so that they will be close to him at his next appearance. All at once the water breaks again only twenty feet from them, and, seizing their skin boat, they hurl it bodily, with the harpoon man inside, almost on top of the whale. He is armed with a whale harpoon gun designed to shoot an exploding bomb into the whale; this he has gotten from the trader to the south. The bomb is shot into the creature at arm's length, and, if successful, it explodes four seconds later and kills the whale. If the whale is not killed,

and the Eskimo not quick enough to cut the line which is attached to the bomb, he and his boat will be dragged under the ice and never seen again.

The primitive Indian "rubbing-sticks" for making fire are still used in many places. A stick, held perpendicularly by a wooden socket, is twirled rapidly around by means of a bowstring drawn back and forth, the lower end of the stick resting in some dry tinder, which ignites and starts the fire. Exactly the same method is used for drilling holes in the walrus-ivory, except that the top of the drill is pivoted in a hollow stone set in a wooden piece held in the mouth, thus leaving the left hand free. The drill points are made of flint, or of steel procured from some trader. Birds are killed by small ivory-tipped and barbed spears thrown from a peculiarly shaped "throwing-stick" held in the right hand; or sometimes they are hunted with a sling, made of seven or eight ivory weights tied together with long twisted strands of whale sinew, and thrown like a South American bola. Bows and ivory-tipped arrows are also used to some extent in hunting. Fish are caught in nets made of twisted deer-sinew, or through the ice with hooks cleverly fashioned after the manner of a "phantom-minnow," made of stone or ivory, colored with native dyes, and attached by a piece of whale sinew, which is practically colorless in the water, to a line made of whalebone. To prevent snow-blindness in the winter travel, the hunter wears over his eyes wooden spectacles, blackened inside, through which a narrow slit allows only a limited amount of light to enter.

His dress is peculiarly well adapted to his surroundings. European dress in an Arctic country such as northern Siberia would be quite impossible. In fact, all the Arctic explorers find it necessary, when in the field, to adopt Eskimo dress. His warmest garment is his parka, which slips over his head like a shirt and extends to his knees. It is the same garment which the Eskimos of Labrador call *netsek* when made of sealskin, or the *adikcy* when made of blanketing. To this the Alaskan Eskimos invariably attach a hood which is pulled over the head and takes the place of a cap; but many of the Siberian parkas are made without the hood. Although usually made of fur, and often ornamented with borders of little pieces of white-and-brown caribou skin sewn in patterns, the parkas are sometimes made of eider duck

breasts, or other birds' skins, which are closely sewn together and make a very warm garment. The trousers are made of a sealskin or polar bearskin, according to the season of the year. The *mukluks*, or boots, are made of sealskin, so closely sewn as to be waterproof, and extend to just below the knee. In the wintertime a *mukluk* made of fur or caribou skin is often worn with the fur inside. Fur mittens, worn in the wintertime, often made of polar bearskin, complete the attire.

The language is a very guttural one, and is exceedingly difficult to learn. It must not be imagined that all these people speak the same language. In places as near each other as Anadir, Plover Bay, East Cape, and Diomed Island quite different languages are spoken, so that the natives in one village cannot understand the natives in another. For purposes of trading and intercourse a common language is used, called the "deer language," so named from its use by the Eskimos living in the interior who hunt deer and are called the "deer men." But the striking peculiarity that all these languages have in common is the fact that while one is speaking, the larynx noticeably moves up and down in the speaker's throat. In few, if any, languages is this phenomenon apparent save in the Chinese.

Although many of the leading ethnologists claim that the Eskimos originated in the central portion of northern North America, and then spread eastward to Labrador and westward to Alaska, yet the evidence seems very strong that they must have come originally from China. Not only is there marked similarity in many little instincts and customs, such as their extreme aptitude for ivory-carving, their use of jade, or their power of mimicry, but their physical resemblance is often very striking. Many of the faces are startlingly Chinese, both of the Siberian and Alaskan Eskimo. In one instance a friend of mine, traveling on a steamer, was unable to tell whether a certain native was Eskimo or Chinese. There can be no room for doubt in my mind that the Alaskan Eskimo came originally across Bering Straits from Siberia. All speculation as to how they got across becomes groundless as soon as one sees the country. At its narrowest point Bering Straits is only forty miles wide, with the high, rocky Diomed Islands lying midway between, on which may be seen two villages of Eskimos. Even to-day, in the summer, natives

are constantly crossing and recrossing the Straits in their skin oomiaks, just as they must have done for hundreds of years; and in winter they cross on foot over the frozen sea; for, in spite of the great tides which sweep up and down through Bering Straits each winter, the sea freezes over into one solid mass of ice.

And what has their intercourse with the white man brought them? I am sorry for the answer. The Eskimo knows only two white men who have dared to penetrate his country—the missionary and the trader. And of the two—the missionary with his Bible and the trader with his whisky bottle—the latter has been most felt. The few missionaries that have reached this coast have been most brave, patient, self-sacrificing; but in many cases they have not given the Eskimo what he needs. He must be taught an essentially simple faith in the Christ that will be very real to him, and not a long series of religious forms and catechisms and dogmas. He must be taught to be a good Eskimo; not to become a white man. For want of this, the influence of the missionary has not been felt as strongly as it should be.

The trader brings him things more to his taste—gives him sugar and iron, komatik runners and rifles and cloth in return for his

walrus ivory and whalebone and fur. Also, the trader gives him “hootch,” as whisky is locally termed. This is against the Russian law, but such a coast is not troubled overmuch with law. Worse than the “hootch,” with which many of the traders craze him, are the trader’s own degenerate ways of living, and the low, debasing influence which this man of power exerts over him. And not only does the trader gain a stronger grip on his life, but unfortunately there are more traders on the coast than missionaries, for the number of missionaries may be counted on one’s fingers.

And what will be the future of this people? Who knows? If the Russian Government continues its present policy of keeping the country sealed of all its mineral wealth, these people may live on for hundreds of years in their ancient, uneventful way; should the country ever be opened up to prospectors, there will be little hope for them. They will all too quickly learn the evil that the white man brings, as they do to-day, wherever the trader has made his entrance; and once having been sucked into the vortex of a different civilization, there can be but one ending. They will follow the path that the Indian has taken into the shadowland from which there will be no return; and before long their name will be nothing but a memory.

DAWN

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Dawn, like a hallelujah, storms the sky;
The colors vie
With one another: now a crimson dye,
And now a golden,—as if saints went by
In clouds of glory with a mighty cry,—
The mists, like censer smoke, far-circling, fly.

The Earth, in adoration, seems to kneel,
And, worshiping, feel
The awe and wonder that the heavens reveal;
Above her, whom the rapture seems to heal,
Splendor on splendor, wheel on burning wheel,
The hues, like vast cathedral music, reel.

Let us stand up, O Heart! and with one voice
Like Heaven rejoice!
Give praise to God! And, with the soul at poise,
Forget a while the little mean annoy
Of life, its tools and all its foolish toys,
And like the Heav’n make Beauty our high choice.

RAINING GOLD

BY J. WARREN SMITH

ONCE upon a time a man stood in his back door looking out over his fields and wished. He wished that he were rich, that he had money in the bank and no mortgage on his farm. He wished he were a boy believing again in the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, for it had been raining and a rainbow was spanning the sky in the east.

But he was not a boy; he had no belief in the pot of gold, he had a mortgage on his farm and no money in the bank, and he believed that farming did not pay. He was discouraged, and turned with a sigh for the sitting-room and the evening paper.

He had a son, however—lucky man!—and the young chap had been up to the State University for ten weeks and had gained some new ideas. Moreover, he believed in rainbows and in the pot of gold too.

"Say, dad, I just saw six hundred dollars fall on our farm." The man scarcely raised his eyes. "Why don't you go out and dig it up, then, son?" "Well, I *am* going to start to-morrow morning." At this the man exhibited a languid interest, which was all the boy needed to start him off.

"Say, up at Columbus, dad, there's a professor who's got some new ideas and a new way of telling them. I heard him lecture, and he says that every time it rains half an inch during the month of July it means an increase in the corn yield of one bushel an acre.

"And he says that when the rain during July has amounted to about two and three-fourths inches and then half an inch more falls during July, this extra half-inch will make an average increase in the corn yield of *four* bushels to the acre.

"I have been keeping a record of the rainfall this month, and the total fall up to the last rain that we had about a week ago was 2.6 inches, and now to-day we have recorded just half an inch more, and it is next to the last day of July. Now we have got three hundred acres of corn out in the field, and corn will surely be worth fifty cents a bushel this fall, so I believe I've just seen six hundred dollars fall.

"But this isn't all. Another professor up there says that by cultivating immediately

after a rain we can hold the moisture in the ground for the use of the crop, while if we do not cultivate the sun and the wind will evaporate about two hundred barrels of water each day. So I'm going out in the morning with the cultivator and make a dust mulch and keep that moisture where the corn can use it, and you just watch us sell that much more corn."

"Bosh!" says father—a man cannot really be a respectable father unless he says bosh to all such advanced views of his son.

But it is not bosh. You don't have to follow the rainbow to its end to find the pot of gold. The gold has fallen from the clouds before the rainbow came into view.

If every summer shower should bring down to the earth dimes and dollars and golden eagles, how eagerly we should watch for each thunderhead as it loomed above the western horizon!

If a new land should be discovered where one could go out after each storm and find money lying around on the ground or pick it from trees and shrubs, there would be a stampede to this new Eldorado such as the days of '49 never knew. And yet the rains during the growing months of summer leave wealth over every acre of ground just as surely as would be the case if money actually fell from the skies.

To be sure, we cannot see the real coins, and because so little has been done to measure in dollars and cents the actual value of rain we think it is not possible to calculate its worth. We know, of course, that it has a value, but never have thought it possible to separate this one factor from all the others that go to control the growth of vegetation. Is it possible, you will ask, to determine that one inch of rain, for example, has increased the value of any crop a certain definite amount?

Is it true that the young man was correct in his conclusions, and would the yield of corn on the three-hundred-acre field be increased by the rain in question to the extent of \$600?

Yes, it is true that the critical rainfall point for corn in Ohio in the month of July is three inches, and every time that the average rainfall for the State during that month is

increased from about 2.75 inches to 3.25 inches the corn yield will be increased as indicated. Some years it will be over four bushels for each acre, and some years less, but the average will be that amount.

How do we know? Why, by a study of the effect of the rainfall upon the corn yield covering a period of fifty-seven years—surely a period long enough to prove the soundness of any conclusions.

A scientific correlation of the rainfall and corn yield shows that, so long as there is ample rainfall during July and the first part of August, it does not matter very much, in Ohio, what the other weather conditions are. And a careful comparison of the yield and rainfall figures shows that every time a half-inch of rain falls over this State of Ohio during the month of July the increase in the value of the corn crop will enable just 2,473 farmers to indulge in new automobiles at \$800 apiece, calling that corn worth 50 cents a bushel.

Every difference of one-half inch in the rainfall in July from 1854 to 1910 has shown an average difference in the corn yield in this State of 1.3 bushels per acre. The average area devoted to corn during the years 1898 to 1907 was 3,043,702 acres. So that every time the rainfall for July for Ohio has averaged half an inch greater than the previous year the farmers have had an average of 3,956,812.6 bushels more of corn to sell.

Whenever the rainfall for July in this State has averaged less than two inches the yield of corn has averaged only 28 bushels per acre. On the other hand, when the rainfall has been over five inches the corn yield has averaged 38 bushels per acre. This is a difference of 10 bushels to the acre, or a total difference of 30,437,020 bushels in the State. When corn is worth 50 cents per bushel this makes the tidy little sum of \$15,218,510. It makes that difference in the purchasing power of the farmers in one State in the matter of corn alone, whether the rainfall in July is less than two inches or whether it is above five inches.

The critical rainfall point seems to be three inches. If we average all of the years when the rainfall for July has been between 2.5 inches and 3 inches, the yield of corn has been 29.2 bushels per acre. In all of the years when the rainfall has been between

3 inches and 3.5 inches the yield of corn has averaged 33.2 bushels per acre. This is a difference of four bushels per acre, with the difference of one-half inch of rain *at the critical rainfall point*.

This is the rain that is worth \$2 per acre, or \$6,087,404 to the State of Ohio.

Between 2.5 inches and 4.5 inches each increase of *one-fourth* inch of rain makes an average increase in the yield of corn of just one bushel per acre, or a total value of \$1,521,851 when corn is selling at a fair price.

The practical phase of these facts comes to be better understood when it is remembered that one-fourth, and probably one-half, inch of rain can be conserved by proper cultivation, and that actually millions of dollars may be added to the value of our corn crop each year by timely cultivation.

In the States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri, where corn is an even more important product than in Ohio, and where thirty per cent of all the corn grown in the United States is raised, the July rainfall is still more important. In these four States every increase in rainfall of one-half inch in July makes an average increase in the corn yield of two bushels per acre.

The average area devoted to corn in those States is 30,325,300 acres. Hence every increase of half an inch of rain in July over that region increases the purchasing power of the farmers there just \$30,325,300.

Corn is not the only crop that lends itself to this interesting study, and rainfall is not the only weather element that can be correlated with crop growth and yield.

The number of degrees of heat, the number of units of solar energy, as well as the amount of rainfall, that will be necessary to mature a crop can be determined. The most important or critical period of growth of each plant can be ascertained and the most favorable weather factor determined.

In short, the scientific correlation of the weather and crop yield factors shows that it is perfectly practicable to capitalize the water that falls from the heavens or to know the actual money value of the solar energy which we call heat or sunshine.

The simple name that is properly given to this most important study of weather and crop yield is "Agricultural Meteorology."

THE SPECTATOR

A SUNSHINY room filled with the moving, animated crowd of an afternoon tea, the tea-table at one end gay with yellow tulips and blue iris (the colonial colors), and on the walls the most delightful multitude of old-fashioned samplers that can be imagined—such was the Spectator's first view of the exhibition of samplers under the joint and august auspices of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities and the Colonial Dames of Massachusetts at the Society's rooms in Boston, some time ago. The single sampler is a thing the Spectator has often met in the homes of his kindred, especially the maiden aunts and cousins who dwell in old houses and preserve family traditions. Not being up in the mysteries of cross-stitch, he has always felt rather helpless in the presence of these quaint, soft-toned relics of the days when sewing was taught at home instead of in the public schools. But after seeing the sampler show he can henceforth at least talk learnedly about the rise and progress of the art, and thus keep up his end of the conversation.

It was nip-and-tuck between the Colonial Dames and the antiquarians. Both were there in full force. Both were full of interesting information, the first about the personal history of the samplers present, the others about samplers in their sociological and historical relations to the home and the world. The little oblong piece of canvas that somebody's great-grandmother worked at the age of ten years is, of course, entrancingly interesting to the granddaughter who exhibits it. But that same tiny bit of stitchery dates itself to the antiquarian as part of a historical period, and its motto or its figures connect it with past events or with social conditions. It is part of a "complex," to use a psychological phrase, which has all sorts of things included in it.

"Yes," said the Antiquarian, fondly, at the Spectator's elbow, "the moral motto came in with Methodism, in the eighteenth century. Watts's 'Divine and Moral Songs for Children' was published in 1720, and Wesley's 'Hymns' in 1736. The first motto known, on an English sampler of 1686, is, 'Apparell thy self with justice, and cloth thy self with chastitie, so shalt thou bee happi

and thy works prosper,' and there were a few rhymed mottoes after that, but the outburst of moral verse came later."

"But aren't the verses delightful?" said the Colonial Dame on the other side. "This sampler was worked by my great-grandaunt—just look at the beautiful tiny stitching—and she was only twelve!" The sampler was indeed a wonder of cross-stitch, and bore the legend:

Rebekah Hathaway is my name, and with my needle I wrought the same, in the 12 year of my age 10 Feb. 1774.

A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast
Where I shall sing my song of grace
And see my glorious hiding-place.

"That beginning is classic," said the Antiquarian. "It is one of the first signatures used, going even further back than the motto. Initials and signatures came before even the alphabet and numerals, some authorities say."

In a big book of many pages, with a place of honor all its own on a round table, the oldest sampler in the exhibition was shown, along with one hundred and eighty-seven others. Sure enough, this oldest treasure was a narrow, long strip, worked with random patterns, which could be "taken off" by any sempstress looking for a design. The sampler was thus an "exemplar" with many examples on its embroidered canvas. The old designs were decorative rather than pictorial. But alphabets and numerals came also, because the household linen, etc., was to be marked; and then the youthful artists took up eagerly separate figures of men, animals, trees, huts, ships, Adam and Eve, vases, flowers, crowns, houses, mottoes and verses, until at last maps and funeral urns, landscape and figure pieces, grew under the deft fingers of the embroideress. There did not seem anything left to try, after the roomful of samplers had been examined, for even the cubists had their representatives, not to mention the classic school or the post-impressionist.

Proportion is a thing which the sampler, after leaving decorative patterns pure and simple behind, cast henceforth to the winds. A tree and a dog, a house and a dove, a crown and a church, may be of equal dimen-

sions on a sampler without breaking any of the rules of the art. In one charming example, Solomon's Temple held the place of honor on the canvas, looking like a child's house of blocks, with a large fence at each side, with a gate. The motto above it ran:

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.

Below, a big, strutting rooster filled one corner, while in front of it, overshadowed by its resplendent bulk, stood Eve, very decorously represented in silhouette as if born in overalls, and holding out a large apple toward Adam, who stood on the other side with a dog, Saint Bernard size, towering over him. Adam and Eve, it seems, according to the highest authorities, did not arrive in samplerland until 1709, but were instantly welcomed and almost worked to death.



"Do be sure and see the map sampler worked by Betsey Scott, the stepdaughter of Dorothy Quincy!" the Colonial Dame admonished the Spectator; and he found himself among a crowd when he hunted it up, for it was extremely popular. "Map of England and Wales, by Betsey Scott, 1793," was the inscription, in a wreath of tiny roses in one corner. All the counties were neatly outlined, not in cross-stitch, but in double lines of two different colors, one within the other. One county would be in blue and brown, the next in yellow and white, and so on, making the distinction doubly plain. The names of the counties were in large cross-stitch, the names of the towns in smaller sizes. Map samplers began about the time of the American Revolution, but did not last very long. There was not enough scope for color, probably, and too much need of that rigid proportion which the sampler so sweetly scorns.



The Matrimonial Tree was one of the Spectator's favorites in the show. It was the work of "Pamela Taylor, wife of Archipus Morgan," and represented a nondescript tree, circled by a scarf held by two doves flying in opposite directions. They may have been doves of peace trying to escape, for on the tree hung what looked like pumpkins with faces, which were, however, apples, and looked suspiciously like apples of discord. Under the Matrimony Tree, to one side, sat a large lady in Martha Washington costume; holding a child of giant size in a strawberry-

red coat. A church was in the distance, with figures which may have represented a wedding party issuing from its gate, and a number of nondescript animals were in the foreground. There was imagination in that sampler, and no slavish adherence to tradition. Its symbolism may be a trifle obscure—which only shows that symbolism is substantially the same in all mediums.



The genealogical sampler that hung nearby was just the opposite—clear, simple, and bare. At the top large cross-stitch letters announced:

GENEALOGY

William L—, born at —, etc.
Anna D—, born at —
Married June 9, 1800

Then came PROGENY and then DEATHS, of which there were three apiece, making a very well-balanced arrangement, with a wreathed border inclosing this family record. Memorial samplers were also rigidly conventional—urns, weeping willows, monuments with railings, and suitable inscriptions, all worked on white satin, now yellowed with age. Little Elizabeth Gerrish, in 1785, chose a more ambitious style for a family piece. She worked the two coats of arms, in solid embroidery, with a ribbon across each, bearing the legend "*In the Name of Gerrish*" and "*In the Name of Brown*." "In old newspapers, in the first half of the eighteenth century," said the Antiquarian, looking up at these with delight, "teachers of embroidery advertised that they could teach the embroidery of coats of arms, drawing them on the sampler and teaching the pupil how to do them accurately. Heraldry was too advanced a science for a girl to start out for herself without making fatal blunders."



Blunders are not art—but they surely do not hurt a sampler much, for to err is human, and the sampler is a truly human document. There were samplers there whose crooked stitches and queer shading brought an instant vision of some tiny great-grandmother in her obedient girlhood, struggling with tired little fingers to set the stitches as she should, and failing because the task was beyond her six-year-old powers; for some of these faded strips of canvas were worked at the age of six by the children of long ago, and most of them were done by girls under twelve. There were some pictorial samplers, however, of

more elaborate style, such as "The Royal Fugitive," "Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dreams," "Paul and Virginia," etc., which were evidently the work of maturer maidens. The faces in these samplers were painted in, and so was the sky usually, though clouds were attempted by some, with strange meteorological results.

The prettiest of these, to the Spectator's mind, was one with no especial subject—just a lady in a garden, in flowing robes, with a parasol. Beside her a path meandered toward a Greek temple. Pots of stiff flowers stood along the path, all in good proportion, and the colors were soft and well blended. But this sampler did not appeal to the Antiquarian half as much as a very large picture, one of Prospero and Miranda welcoming Ferdinand. There was a great deal in that sampler, it is true—Prospero with masses of

white hair, Miranda with a simper, Ferdinand with a plumed hat of great dimensions and particularity, Caliban down among the bushes in the background, Ariel up in the clouds, just head and shoulders and a harp, the globes in the foreground, on which Miranda had evidently just been taking a lesson, a great deal of worked foliage in zigzag greens, a great deal of sky. "Found in an old tavern," explained the Antiquarian, "in Lexington, only this year. That's the beauty of samplers—there are always new finds. You'd think Shakespeare would be a favorite, but, so far, not a Shakespeare motto on any of them. But here's a Shakespeare scene, anyway." Shakespeare spoke of samplers, the Spectator remembers, in "Midsummer Night's Dream." How much further back, he wonders, do these little strips of canvas stretch into the background of Time?

THE NEW BOOKS

BOUTROUX AND BERGSON¹

Among the world's philosophers two Frenchmen are just now the most talked about. Timely, then, is the appearance of certain volumes explaining their philosophy.

The men are Émile Boutroux and Henri Bergson. M. Boutroux is now in this country, and those who would learn may hear from his own lips about his philosophy. M. Bergson has been recently in this country, and his lectures have been crowded by many who wanted to know about his way of thinking; indeed, the large audiences testified to the fact that Americans can find time, even in New York City, to attend to the things of the mind.

Even the simplest systems of philosophy need explanation. But the book entitled "Bergson for Beginners" is disappointing. Indeed, one looks in vain for an A B C explanation of philosophy suitable for "the young person." While Mr. Kitchin doubtless aims to sketch the Bergson philosophy

in the order of its development in the simplest manner consistent with accuracy, the very young reader will quickly discover that his manner is not simple enough. "Bergson for Beginners" should certainly have been a more elemental book.

But for older students of philosophy the volume is valuable, especially because it compares the Bergson system with those of other philosophers, and also because we are shown Bergson "on the heights." He is most interesting when concerned with the highest things.

Turning to Dr. Dodson's book, we find, as we might expect, that it emphasizes the Bergson idea of life as one in which "poetic imagination is but a fuller review of reality." Life, according to this inspiring French teacher, should not be rigid and mechanical; it should be full of movement, creation, adventure. The Bergson philosophy is the philosophy of exultation and exaltation.

As the Bergson theory has been explained at length in these pages, we turn to M. Boutroux's philosophy. While perhaps not so radical in certain points as is M. Bergson's, it is more satisfying in others. Some of the Boutroux philosophy is disclosed in the third of the three volumes—a book by M. Boutroux himself, a translation of his lectures on "Edu-

¹ Education and Ethics. By Émile Boutroux. Translated by Fred Rothwell. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

Bergson for Beginners. Introduction and Notes by Darcy B. Kitchin, M.A. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

Bergson and the Modern Spirit. By George Rowland Dodson, Ph.D. American Unitarian Association, Boston. \$1.35.

cation and Ethics." This volume, we are glad to say, is provided with an index, an aid regrettably absent from the books on Bergson.

M. Boutroux expresses himself in simpler phrase than does M. Bergson, hence the number of readers of "Education and Ethics" may be larger than the number of readers of the Bergson books.

Leaving manner for matter, we find these lectures based on the principle that the spirit of teaching is the spirit of philosophy. Children often look upon school teaching as "something abstract and artificial, bearing no relation to realities." Hence M. Boutroux is careful to remind teachers that school exercises "do not constitute artificial gymnastics for the memory or imagination, practiced with a view to examinations." On the contrary, "they are made up of the best and purest elements that men have yet discovered for the purpose of raising to its highest point the dignity and power, beauty and greatness, of human life." Thus M. Boutroux's idea of education, it is easy to see, is not mere pedagogy. Education, in his opinion, is not the mere acquiring of any particular habit or knowledge. Education means the cultivation of the human being with all the physical, intellectual, and moral powers. The educator acts on the child's mind and conscience so as to make them capable of thinking and judging, capable of initiative, spontaneity, and, above all, capable of fashioning human beings into freedom.

Education and philosophy should lead to ethics and to religious ethics. What M. Boutroux has to say concerning Christian

ethics forms perhaps the most interesting feature of his volume.

Here the French philosopher also emphasizes something very simple and elemental: "Jesus conceived of God as a father. This is the main principle of his teaching." Again: "There is one point that strikes us all from the very beginning: the insistence with which Jesus put his disciples on their guard against the formalistic conception of the religious life." And again, "What, then, is of importance? Purity in heart. The main thing is not to do, but to be." Once more: "The spirituality of the Christian life is not abstract and negative; it is concrete and living."

The French philosopher compares the Christian life with that which the Greek philosophers or that which a Marcus Aurelius outlined, and concludes that "when the Christian lets outer things go and retires within himself he there finds a reality that is positive and apprehensible; life in all its fullness, the infinite, light-giving love of the Father, the bestower of joy in this world, the pledge and foretaste of an eternity of bliss." But "the disciple of Jesus does not begin with joy; it is through the narrow gate that entrance is effected to the kingdom of God. The renunciation of self and of the possessions of this world are the first condition of the Christian life. Then come hope, love, and renunciation—with repentance—are not these the characteristics of the divine life?"

These things may seem axiomatic, but it is well to be reminded of them, for they mean diviner life here on the earth as well as the divine life hereafter.

American Ideals, Character, and Life. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

This volume contains the series of addresses delivered in Japan by Mr. Mabie as the first exchange professor or lecturer from the United States to Japan under the auspices of the Carnegie Peace Endowment and with the co-operation of typical universities. Dr. Nitobé, it will be remembered, was the first exchange professor from Japan to America, and his addresses on "The Japanese Nation: Its Land and Its People" were delivered before six American universities and other organizations. Mr. Mabie's lectures were delivered before the Imperial Universities of Tokyo and Kyoto, before three other noted privately conducted universities, and before schools and popular audiences. They aimed, as Mr. Mabie told his hearers, to make America more comprehensible to Japan "by definition of its historic ideas, its inheri-

ance of religious, ethical, and political convictions, the physical conditions under which it has been compelled to work out its vital problems and fashion its political institutions;" in short, to present "the American behind his political and business activities." Accordingly, the chapters of this book deal in a broad way with American discovery and exploration, American industrial growth, the development of a National literature, education in school and college, art in its inception, the form and character of government, and other aspects of our country and its people. Always the endeavor is to show that "Americans have regarded their freedom and their opportunities as a trust for humanity," and that "ineradicable and controlling idealism" has been a dominating element in America. Mr. Mabie, in his introductory note, pays a warm tribute to the intellectual alertness of his audiences and to the courtesy and friendly

consideration with which he was greeted everywhere in Japan.

Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View. By Price Collier. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

A book of more than passing importance is the late Price Collier's "Germany and the Germans," yet, like Mr. Collier's "England and the English," this new volume of international criticism contains many chapters which are of permanent value almost in inverse ratio to the interest which they arouse in the reader's mind. It may be said, however, that these chapters accurately interpret, if not Germany, at least Mr. Collier's opinion of Germany and of life in general. Mr. Collier laid insistent claim to the title of democrat. He can perhaps at least be described as a "militant individualist," but his instincts, his thoughts, and his sympathies were patently aristocratic.

History as Literature, and Other Essays. By Theodore Roosevelt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

This volume contains the Romanes Lecture, delivered at Oxford in 1910; the annual address as President of the American Historical Society, delivered in Boston in December last; "The World Movement," delivered at the University of Berlin in May, 1910; "Citizenship in a Republic," delivered at the Sorbonne, Paris, April, 1910—a group of papers which represent Mr. Roosevelt's most thorough work in preparation, in thought, and in expression. The other and shorter papers include "Dante in the Bowery," a lively and suggestive sketch; a comment on the exhibition of the Cubists and Futurists held in New York last winter; a chapter on "The Ancient Irish Sagas;" an essay on "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," in the form of a review of Mr. Chamberlain's well-known book; and a definition of the "Principles of the Search for Truth in a Reverent Spirit." The majority of these chapters have appeared in *The Outlook*; in this more permanent form they constitute a record of the range of the writer's interests and of the vitality and thoroughness of his intellectual methods. These addresses and essays are also the best expression of Mr. Roosevelt's literary instinct and training, and they expand his thesis that the domain of literature must be more widely extended over the domains of history and science.

New American Drama (The). By Richard Burton. The T. Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$1.25.

This is a direct, familiar, colloquial discussion of the place of the theater, or the play, as having a serious social as well as literary function, an analysis of the elements which make good plays, together with an informal running history of the American stage, and many comments, frank and interesting, on the plays and actors of the day. It is a good book for the great multitude who think of the theater either as a

thing of evil or as a place of amusement; a good book for the Puritan and for the frivolous-minded, of both of which classes there are too many. Under such chapter headings as "The Theater and the People," "Truth," "Technique," "Humor and the Social Note," "Fiction and the Drama," Dr. Burton covers the field, not exhaustively, but intelligently and suggestively; and those who have never thought seriously about the theater may derive much profit from so entertaining and at the same time so serious a discussion of its place in the community.

Romantic America. By Robert Haven Schauffler. The Century Company, New York. \$5.

Mr. Sch  uffler's volume seems as important and worth while a book as has yet been written in description of America. In spirit the book follows the author's "Romantic Germany"—that is to say, it is a volume of eager enjoyment, a young man's volume, one full of the vivid touch. In this spirit Mr. Schauffler visits Maine (what a good little book those two Maine chapters would make!), Cape Cod, Virginia, Pittsburgh, the Mammoth Cave, New Orleans, the Grand Canyon, the Yellowstone Park, the old California Missions, the Yosemite Park. In every region he discovers some characteristic charm which he knows well how to set down in proper phrase. The text is reinforced by illustrations from paintings, etchings, and drawings by such artists as Winslow Homer, Harry Fenn, Maxfield Parrish, Joseph Pennell, Albert Herter, and George Inness, Jr. Their illustrations form a striking contrast to a previous large work on America as a picturesque quantity, namely, Bryant's work called "Picturesque America," illustrated by wood engravings. But distinction is found in the difference between the words "picturesque" and "romantic." Mr. Schauffler has a keen eye for the picturesque, but he has a keener eye for the romantic. He finds one kind of romance in our rugged New England coasts. He finds another kind in Pittsburgh. He finds a third kind where the Old World lives on in the New—in the manors of Virginia or in the "Little Paris" of Creole New Orleans. Finally, he finds a fourth in our wealth of wild nature, in the "stupendous underworld of Kentucky," or in the marvels of Wyoming and Arizona. It is well for the average American to have his country set forth as Mr. Schauffler has set it forth.

Pacific Shores from Panama. By Ernest Peixotto. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50.

Mr. Ernest Peixotto has published a volume of interest and of restfulness to those who want to know more about South America. We say "restfulness" advisedly. Most books on South America are full of statistics and information. They are necessary and valuable, of course. But they are not always restful. Mr. Peixotto's is. Perhaps it is because of this that what he has to tell us makes a distincter impression. He

travels from Panama down the west coast to Peru and Bolivia. He visits Lima, and he goes to what he calls "the roof of the world," spending some time in the land of the Incas, especially at Cuzco, its capital. He goes to Lake Titicaca and into Bolivia. Wherever he goes he is the artist. The pictures with which he has illustrated his books are in themselves explanatory without reading a line of the text. But the text is in entire sympathy with the illustrations. Mr. Peixotto's pencil does much in a few lines, and the same is true of his pen. His sketches, whether by pencil or pen, are delicious.

Tinder-Box (The). By Maria Thompson Daviess. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.

The "Tinder-Box" is a merry sparkle of a story with several bits of sound philosophy underneath its fun. Evelina meets obstacles in her effort to live out Jane's theory of the whole duty of modern woman. A peaceful Southern town, consisting largely of relatives, receives her on her return from art study in Paris. The clever sketches of individuals and the combination of mirth and pathos make the tale one of unusual attractiveness.

Under Greek Skies. By Julia D. Dragoumis. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.

Three stories of Greek children, by Madame Dragoumis, are included in a volume of the Little Schoolmate Series. Imbued with tender charm, characteristic of this writer, the modern setting does not diminish the inherent grace of these tales.

Confessions of a Débutante (The). Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.

Nothing lighter could be blown from a thistle stalk than these "Confessions of a Débutante," with illustrations both from pen and brush invading the text. A pretty, well-brought-up girl "comes out" in New York, and her joyous spirit bubbles forth in letters to her dear Mimsy in Paris. Of course Gerald appears, and in his expensive wake the débutante disappears into the limbo supposed to await all married women in America.

Making Over Martha. By Julie M. Lippmann. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.20.

Why any one should think of such a thing as making over Martha, the delightful Irish-American philosopher whose common sense rivals that of Mrs. Wiggs, is explained in a new book about her. Martha could have made over her neighbors, and she really did it while some of them were patronizing her. Her failure in raising chickens (with voluble comments) and her horror of cows and familiarity with steam launches gave her varied occupations, and arouse in us joyful chuckles.

Mother's Son. By Beulah Marie Dix. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.35.

Honest work and hearty play fill the days of a group of German-American men and their New

England American friends. Betty, fresh from college, collaborates with an older woman, Vashti Leissner, and to our outspoken relief their first play, "The Toy Soldier," is not an instant success. Betty's unconscious influence over "Mother's Son," a beautiful and spoiled young German ex-hussar, is a real success, however; and after much uncertainty, into which comes a vivid description of the loss of the Titanic, the romance bids fair to end happily, and Betty bows herself off the stage in company with her Toy Soldier.

Voyage of the Hoppergrass (The). By Edmund L. Pearson. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.35.

Those who read Mr. Pearson's "The Believing Years" will hardly need to have their attention called in any emphatic way to this captivating story of the adventures of a group of boys on an old schooner in search of fun and adventure. Many stories for boys are forced in style and exaggerated in incident; they read as if they had been written at boys instead of with boys. This story, on the other hand, like Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan," would have been written by a boy, if a boy could have written it. It has the atmosphere, the humor, the audacity, the high spirits, and the glorious inconsequentiality of a boy's mind. It is an excursion on a dilapidated boat in very familiar waters, but it takes on the dignity of piracy on the high seas, of adventure at the ends of the earth; and because it is natural, simple, and boylike it is delightfully convincing. Whoever goes as a passenger on the Hoppergrass will come back younger for the voyage.

Paris Nights. By Arnold Bennett. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$3.

This is, in a way, a companion piece to Mr. Bennett's recent book of impressions of America. He certainly has an unusual gift for observation; he never wearies his reader with detail, and the things told are both typical and out of ordinary knowledge. The book is not confined to impressions of Paris, but includes also talks about the Riviera and some parts of England. Sketchy as the chapters are, they have an immense deal of human interest. The illustrations are by Mr. E. A. Rickards, who has a knack of putting a good deal of character into very few lines of drawing.

Wild Animals at Home. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.75.

Not since the author's first book about "Wild Animals I Have Known" has he put forth a volume so adapted to attract and at the same time to inform young readers. Here we have Gray Wolf, Red Fox, the Cute Coyote, and many other animals of high and low degree, including even the Jumping Mouse and the Bat, all presented as they live, in their habits and house-keeping arrangements. The arrangement and illustration of the book are most attractive. The photographs and the almost innumerable

little sketches in pen and ink on the margin of the page are the work of the author.

Wonderful Adventures of Nils (The). By Selma Lagerlöf. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$2.50. This charming fairy story, which is used in Sweden as part of the required reading in the public schools, has now been put into the form of a beautifully illustrated holiday book. The translation by Velma Howard is concise and attractive in style. There can be no doubt that American children will be interested and even delighted with the book. "The author," says a well-known Swedish critic, "can speak all languages: the language of animals and the language of flowers; but first and last, childhood's language; and the best of all is that under her spell all are compelled to become children."

Twenty Centuries of Paris. By Mabel S. C. Smith. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$2.

A great many people go to Paris every year. Of these a large number are interested in Paris because it is the home of the latest fashions or because it is the home of the most modern amusements. Only a few seem to enjoy historic Paris, and yet that is the real Paris. The other is a sort of modern hotchpotch in which a large proportion of the people one sees are foreigners and not French men and women. It was indeed a long time ago that Julius Cæsar paid his visit to the savage tribes who lived on the Seine, and since then there have been astonishing transformations, as one sees if he recalls Merovingian times and Carolingian times and Capetian times, and then the ages of the Valois, of the Renaissance, of the Louises and of the Revolution, of the Napoleons and of the Republics. Fortunately this is all explained to us in the present volume by one who knows how to do it. In the first place, Mrs. Smith does not embarrass us with the great wealth of the historical material at her command. In the second place, she says what she has to say simply and distinctly, thus leaving in our minds a vivid and effective outline.

Significance of Art (The). By Eleanor Rowland. The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1. The chapters that make up this book, with the sub-title "Studies in Analytical Esthetics," make no pretense of covering thoroughly the field of the fine arts. They make a strong plea, however, for the importance of training eye and ear through familiarity with the masterpieces of sculpture, painting, and music, in order to be able to recognize the beauty, picturesquequeness, and dramatic situations of daily life. The final chapter, "Art and Nature," is particularly interesting, and ought to be helpful for those who may be inclined to oppose nature to art and say, "Give us life, not the cold image; let us feel the sunshine and hear the waterfall." That is precisely what art does for us. Science tells us what things were and what they shall

be, while art shows us what things *are*. There is no greater lover of nature than the artist; and no one who hopes to round out a contented and fruitful existence can afford to allow himself to become so enmeshed in his own circle of immediate interests as to ignore art. This little book is a practical guide for those who seek this path. As Browning says:

"We're made so that we love
First, when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

Adventures of Captain O'Shea (The). By Ralph D. Paine. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.35. Four strange tales of adventures at sea, wildly improbable if looked at from the stolid point of view of realism, but with lavish invention and with stirring incident galore.

Future of the Working Classes (The). By R. W. Babson. Babson's Statistical Organization, Boston. This industrial monograph asks the question, "Can the Working Class Ever Become Prosperous?" Its answer is that the only chance is not through strikes but through economic education and increased efficiency. An interesting section deals with the industrial war between England, France, and Germany. The book is closely reasoned and based on broad principles, with an application to statistical proof as offered in the "Babson Plots." Mr. Babson's closing words are: "One thing is certain, namely, that strikes will be eliminated only when the school systems of the world train labor to obtain and retain more of the profits without resorting to strikes. Therefore those of us who are interested in the future of the working classes should cease looking to arbitration and the courts; but rather to education and the schools."

Conquest of Mount McKinley (The). By Belmore Browne. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

Mr. Browne took part in three attempts on Mount McKinley, and in 1912, with Professor H. C. Parker, reached a height of 20,300 feet. This was virtually the "conquest" of the highest American mountain, although the honor of reaching the highest point belongs to Archdeacon Stuck, who, as we understand it, reached a point 300 feet higher than that attained by the Parker expedition. The story of the latter as here vividly told is a stirring record of arduous toil and bold climbing. The book is beautifully illustrated.

Christmas Calendars, Cards, and Novelties. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A bewildering and gay mass of holiday presents of various shapes, designs, and messages foreshadows Christmas joy. The publishers are to be praised for their enterprise in obtaining such a wide choice of cards and calendars and in the richness of the color printing.

THE READER'S VIEW

THE LA FOLLETTE SEAMEN'S BILL: THE OTHER SIDE

What you say in the issue of *The Outlook* for November 8 under the title "Why We Need a Shipping Bill" is very timely and of the best intention. If, however, you had gone further into the motive and full meaning of the Seamen's Union Bill, we would have been more pleased.

Probably you do not realize the sweeping character of the bill as meaning bankruptcy to a large number of passenger and freight carrying lines. If it should become a law, it would mean the most serious marine disaster in our history. A brief outline of the bill is as follows:

Andrew Furuseth, a Norwegian sailor, President of the American Seamen's Union, through the Hon. W. B. Wilson (now Secretary of Labor), had the Wilson Bill introduced in the House several years ago. Hearings were had, but the House passed it. In the Senate a similar bill, S. 136, was introduced by Senator Nelson; hearings were held for weeks on this bill. It was much modified and agreed to by the Seamen's Union and operating companies. It passed both houses, but reached President Taft on his last day in office, and he failed to sign it, urging lack of time, so the bill received a pocket veto. Last month Senator La Follette brought it up again, after the Senate had practically agreed to hold it pending the International Congress on Safety at Sea, to be opened November 12 at London, as such a conference was asked for by this country. Senator La Follette forced the bill through the Senate, and it is now with the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, the Chairman of which, Mr. Alexander, is a delegate to the London Congress. Mr. La Follette says (see "Congressional Record," October 21, page 6389):

Mr. President, of course I am a landlubber and have to take my tutelage from those men who have been at sea. I never shall be able to express my great obligation to Andrew Furuseth, who for the last four years has called upon me almost every Sunday morning to talk with me about this legislation. Andrew Furuseth is a sailor. He is a Norwegian Americanized, one of the most intelligent men it has ever been my good fortune to meet. For nineteen years he has been sitting up there in that corner of the gallery waiting to be made free. Whatever I happen to know about this subject I have acquired from talking with him.

Mr. La Follette discarded the Nelson Bill and has put in the new bill practically everything the Union desired. No seaman of rank, no operator, and no technical constructor was permitted a word, but this sailor and his backers dictated the entire bill.

Comparing the bill with the present law or with the Nelson Bill, the most serious items and the ones which make physical and commercially successful operation impossible are as follows:

It requires one hundred per cent lifeboat

capacity for the Great Lakes, bays, sounds, and coastwise traffic, and two able-bodied seamen who shall have served three years at sea or on the Great Lakes for each boat.

The limiting of a passenger list on this class of our merchant marine, which are constructed under Government rules to the number of passengers that can be accommodated in lifeboats, means that in the majority of cases the passenger list would be so small that the steamer could not earn enough money to operate, as the seasons are in the majority of cases very short, and in practically all cases ninety per cent of the business is done in the four summer months. As regards the able-bodied seamen qualification, this puts another impossible measure up to the operator; putting two men in each boat, both of whom must be able-bodied seamen, would enlarge the deck crews to such an extent that available men of such experience could not be obtained in this country, and it is doubtful if we could import enough men to fill the requirement. No one who has served on the bays, sounds, harbors, or rivers would be qualified. The Nelson Bill requires two efficient lifeboat men to be recruited from the crew by the captain from the best material he could find, and whose efficiency would be passed upon by the local inspector at the drill, but this did not suit the Union, and so it was passed over.

Of course it must be remembered that we have practically no foreign marine, so that the clause about freedom of the sailor does not apply to our people, and it seems unfortunate that just at the opening of the Panama Canal our merchant marine ship-yards and our skilled men and officers should be deliberately wiped away.

GEORGE A. WHITE,

President and Secretary the Association of Passenger Steamboat Lines.

New York City.

[We gladly print this letter in accordance with our custom of presenting different views of disputed questions. The La Follette Bill will soon come up in Congress for discussion, and if the interests of seamen, the traveling public, and the steamship companies make amendments desirable, such proposals should be fully discussed in Congress. We shall return to the subject as the question develops.—THE EDITORS.]

MR. WHITLOCK AND THE TOLEDO ELECTION

I would like to call your attention to a misstatement of fact in the editorial "Municipal Elections" in your issue of November 15. You say that "Brand Whitlock was defeated for re-election" as Mayor of this city. Such was not the case, as Mr. Whitlock was not even a candidate for the nomination. When a nomination by petition was tendered him, he rejected it, calling attention to the statement he made

when he took the oath of office in January, 1912, that he was serving his last term as Mayor.

The City Solicitor, Mr. Corneil Schreiber, was the candidate put forward by the Independents, the movement developed and fostered by "Golden Rule" Jones and Brand Whitlock, his successor. The Republican nominee was Carl Keller. The name of Charles Chittenden, a judge on the Circuit Court of this district, was placed on the ballot as the head of still another Independent ticket after the place had been declined by Mr. Whitlock. Mr. Keller received the majority of all the votes cast. Mr. Schreiber ran a poor third.

I might add in passing that, as indicated above, the Independent movement was divided against itself. But aside from that, it is very doubtful if it still had the vitality which characterized it during the administration of Mayor Jones and Mayor Whitlock. It had lost its former idealism and become a political party, the rank and file of which had aspirations no higher than or different from those supporting the regular parties.

Mayor Whitlock was, I am glad to say, chosen by a good substantial vote to be one of the fifteen men charged with preparing a new charter for this city. That he will exert a great and wholesome influence upon that work goes without saying.

J. WEIR COOVER.

Toledo, Ohio.

[We frankly admit that our report of Mr. Whitlock's "defeat," like the rumor of Mark Twain's death, was grossly exaggerated. In spreading this misinformation in regard to the city of Toledo we erred, however, in company with several excellent journals. Mr. Whitlock may possibly be willing to thank us for having had the advantage of reading a gratifying political obituary without at the same time tasting the sting of defeat.—THE EDITORS.]

SHOULD WE REGULATE MEXICO?

Those who know the temper of our people cannot fail to perceive that the trend of public sentiment in our country is strongly towards justice and the interests of humanity, and that in this statement there is little of pretense or of desire for gain at the expense of other nations. The present is an era of humility in our country, in which our own faults are being pitilessly exposed and in which aggression of all kinds is being condemned.

In deciding upon a Mexican policy which will be backed by public opinion, we must therefore base it upon true moral grounds and not on mere pretenses; and we should therefore consider what constitutes true morality in the affairs of nations and in the actions of government. Such a decision should duly consider the interests of future generations and the possibilities of future material developments, and

should seek to open channels which lead away from existing evil and towards welfare, happiness, and multiplication of the human race. We must first decide as to whether we will interfere at all in Mexico, and then decide upon the nature of the interference if undertaken. Shall we undertake to regulate Mexico as we have recently sought to regulate Cuba, by occasional armed interventions during times of disorder; or should we establish conditions by which the Mexican territory could, piece by piece, be brought into our Union and under the government of our system of civilization, as was done with the territory which we took from Mexico in 1847? It has been seriously argued that the merits of our own system did not justify us in imposing it upon Mexico. During the Diaz administration much was written in praise of the Mexican Government, and in reply to articles accusing it of tyranny and barbarity of a most shocking kind other articles appeared, under the title of the "Barbarous United States," which sought to show that our condition was worse than that of Mexico. It was reported that these articles were inspired and arranged for by certain Americans who enjoyed valuable concessions from the Diaz Government, and there seems to be pretty good ground for attributing most praise of Mexican governmental conditions to similarly interested sources. There have always been among Americans many who could not fully accept the democratic ideal, and who naturally turn with admiration to the discipline and apparent order of arbitrary authority. To these the faults of our Nation, which have been so much ventilated, look very grave, and from them we cannot expect much help in the extension of the American ideal.

There is, however, another part of our population—and that the vastly larger part—that believes that American democracy has given something new and very valuable to the world; that our rising generations face a world of better opportunity and less prejudice than that of earlier civilizations; that the barriers of caste which have so long hampered the world have in some measure been broken down, and that the tendency is constantly to a more democratic standard. They also see that our system has inspired and governed the development of our great sister nation Canada, as well as many other nations of the world, so that we have no prospect but peace and intelligent co-operation in the northern part of our continent.

In Mexico, however, the case is entirely different. That nation has made no attempt at the realization of such standards, and there seems to be no germ from which they could spring.

It would seem that the broad question for Americans to decide in connection with Mexico is whether or not our system is worthy to govern in the world, and particularly in this continent where it has had its greatest developments.

We should consider whether our flag has brought good or evil to California, and whether the extension of Californian conditions from Texas to Panama would or would not bring benefit to the human race.

Such an extension would presumably not be attainable without war, but it would be a war not against the oppressed people of Mexico but against a relatively small number of the ruling class which has furnished the ambitious adventurers who have profited by the slavery of the Mexican people. It has lately been said by a traveler who had visited all parts of the world that nowhere had poverty and human degradation reached such depths as in Mexico, and that nowhere was it more widespread. It would seem hard to conceive of any change of condition which would bring to these people more misery and less bloodshed.

Such a war should not be a very difficult or destructive one. The open country of the greater part of Mexico is favorable to pacification. The possibilities of such a war are illustrated by our previous Mexican experience.

War is wicked and destructive, but not so much so as the effects of national stagnation and misrule, which bring death and misery from a thousand causes, and which blight the spirit and virtue in men's natures.

W. L. R. EMMET.

Schenectady, New York.

[The writer of the foregoing letter is a graduate of Annapolis and was for a number of years in the navy. He has attained an international reputation in connection with the development of the steam turbine as applied to the generation of electrical power. Recently he has invented and introduced into the United States navy a method of driving ships electrically which is now being tried out with success on the Government collier Jupiter. This may result in revolutionizing the methods of marine propulsion in commercial as well as war vessels. We state these facts because they add weight, we think, to Mr. Emmet's opinions. He speaks with the authority of an expert in both the industrial and military development of the United States who knows what are the just functions of war. Our own views on the military aspects of the Mexican crisis are given elsewhere in an editorial.—THE EDITORS.]

BROWNING'S "EPPS"

In your issue of September 27 of this year there appeared a "hitherto unpublished poem by Robert Browning," entitled "Epps." In the last stanza Browning says:

"And die did Epps, with his English round:
Not so the fame of the feat;
For Donne and Dekker, brave pacts and rare,
Gave it honour and praise."

I have chanced upon what I believe is Dekker's "honour and praise." The differences and

the likenesses between the two accounts of "the prowess of Kentish Epps" have interested me so much that I think they may interest others; and so I am sending a copy of Dekker's version for comparison with Browning's. The passage comes almost at the end of "Newes From Hell," 1606, and may be found on pages 148-152, Volume XI, of the Huth Library edition of the "Non-Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker," edited by Alexander B. Grosart, 1885.

Charon was on the banks of "*Acheron*" when suddenly "a gallant troope of English spirits" appeared and called for a boat. "The foremost of them was a personage of so composed a presence, that Nature and Fortune had done him wrong, if they had not made him a souldier. . . . *Cheron* glowing upon him, demanded who he was, but hee skorning to be his owne Chronicle, and not suffering any of the rest to execute the office, they all leaped into the Ferry. Amongst whom, one that sate out of his hearing, but within the reach of the Waterman (to shorten the way) discoursed all, thus:

"*England* (quoth he) gave him breath, *Kent* education, he was never overmaistered, but by his owne affections: against whom, whensoever he got the victorie, there was a whole man in him: he was of the sword, and knew better how to end quarrells, then to beginne them: yet was more apt to begin, then others (better bearded) were to answer, with which (some that were ever bound to the peace) upbraided him as a blemish. His country barring him (for want of action) of that which he was borne to inherit (fame), hee went in quest of it into the Low Countries, where (by his deare earnings) hee bequeathed that to those of his name, which nothing but his name seemed to deprive him of in *England*. *Ost-end* being besieged, he lost one of his eyes, whilst he looked over the walls: which first storme did rather drive him on to more dangerous adventures, though to the hazard even of a shipwracke, (than like a fearefull Merchant) to runne his fortunes and reputation on ground, for the boisterous threatnings of every idle billow. So that his resolution set upon this rest, to leave all the remainder of his bodie to that Country, which had taken from him one of the best jewells of his life: since it had a peece of him, he would not so dishonour the place, as to carry away the rest broken. Into the field therefore comes he, the fates putting both his eyes into one, (of purpose) because hee should looke upon none but his enemies: where, a battaile being to be fought, the desert advanced him to advance the Colours: by which dignitie, he became one of the fairest marks, which was then to be shot at: and where a great part of the daies glorie was to be wonne: for the Regent that followed his Ensigne, (by being hardly set to) giving ground, and the enemies ambition thirsting after his Colours, threw at all, in hope to wiane them. But the destinies

(who fought on their side) mistooke themselves, and in stead of striking the Colours out of his hand, smote him: in so much, that hee was twice shot, and twice runne through the bodie, yet would not surrender his hold for all those breaches but stripping the prize for which they strove, off from the staffe that held it up, and wrapping his dying bodie in it, drew out his weapon, with which before his Colours could be called his winding sheete, hee threw himselfe into the thickest of daunger: where after hee had slaine a horse-man, and two others most valiantly, hee came off (halfe dead, halfe alive) bravely, delivering up his spirit in the armes of none but his friends and fellow souldiers.

"So that (as if Fortune had bene jealous of her owne wavering) death (at her entreatie) tooke him away, in the noone-tide of a happinesse, least any blacke evenings overcasting, should spoile it with alteration. . . . To conclude, (father Sculler) because I see wee are upon landing, here is as much as I can speake in his praise: he died auncient in the verie midst of his youth. *Charon* humde and cried well: and having rid his boat of them, directed them to those happie places which were allotted out to none but Martialists."

ARTHUR B. STONEX.

Department of English Language and Literature,
University of Pennsylvania.

OPINIONS OF THE PANAMA CANAL NINETY YEARS AGO

The following extract was found in the London "Monthly Review" of 1824, Vol. 105, p. 244, and came from the pen of William Taylor, of Norwich, England, a man of broad literary reputation in his own day, and one who was far ahead of his time in the big questions of world traffic. Sitting in his library and dreaming, he looked far out into the future and tried to see the things that would make for a broader literary intercourse and a higher civilization. As one of the greatest factors in his dream he saw the Panama Canal, and he writes thus:

"Such a canal, if cut on a magnificent scale, so as to admit the easy passage of those large vessels that are usually employed in the East or West India trade, would give a new direction to the commerce of the world and a direction favorable to the interests of Great Britain. The expense of such an undertaking would perhaps not exceed that which has recently been lavished on the Caledonian Canal; and the tolls would abundantly remunerate and progressively enrich the subscribers to the undertaking. Why not incorporate them as a joint stock company, who should elect their own committee of management, carefully to investigate the entire isthmus, to determine on the best line of perforation, and to put the work under the superintendence of

European engineers? It would not be impracticable for the British Government to open negotiations with the local authorities of Colombia and Mexico for the cession, in perpetuity, of the district to be examined for intersecting; and the independent province of Darien might expediently be vested in the very shareholders of the canal, who should each vote by proxy in the nomination of the local government. Some shareholders would be resident in London, some in North America, some on the spot; and these individuals would all be liable to change with the oscillating speculations of the market; but the constitution would remain sufficiently liberal to secure the political equality of religious sects, and the cosmopolitical equality of unrestricted exportation and importation. The district would thus become a sacred territory of commerce; neutral like the dominions of the Pope in all the mad warfare of contiguous principalities, but without an Inquisition to fetter religious, literary, or political liberty. It would be an asylum open to the refugees from every soil and every persecution, and a residence preferred by the conductors of the most magnificent commercial speculations. With Europe at his head, Asia at his feet, North America in his right hand, and South America in his left, the Genius of the canal would best collect in his empire the news of all the quarters of the earth and become, as it were, the organ of contemporary perception. *There* would beat the heart of the living earth. A navigation, of which the estuary of the Thames offers but a prelude, and a prosperity of which London exhibits but a strip, would float along his waters, enrich his banks with dwellings, and distribute in all directions the productions of every climate, the efforts of every sort of industry, the refinements of every degree of civilization, and the creation of all branches of literature."

Just at present, when every writer has a new idea of the benefits and changes which will be brought about by the opening of the Panama Canal, the speculations of this old English writer form an interesting comparison with present-day prophecies. L. V. T. SIMMONS.

State College, Pennsylvania.

HEARTY APPROVAL

The article in *The Outlook* for November 15, "Childless Americans," by Ethel Wadsworth Cartland, is one of the most valuable contributions I have read in years. It is a brave, unselfish, patriotic, womanly document. The Government ought to print it as a public paper and mail it to every woman in the United States. I wish I could shake her hand—you do it for me, please. JOS. A. McCULLOUGH.

Greenville, South Carolina.

MANY INVENTIONS

A SAFETY EXHIBIT

An exhibition showing what has been done in this and other countries for the promotion of safety and sanitation among workers and others will be held under the auspices of the American Museum of Safety at the Grand Central Palace, Lexington Avenue and Forty-sixth to Forty-seventh Streets, New York City, between December 11 and 20. This exposition will have eleven sections, covering selective exhibits, electrical safeguards, railway safety devices, street railway contrivances for preventing accidents, precautions to prevent accidents at sea, industrial hygiene, occupational diseases and poisons, alcoholism, mutual liability insurance and workmen's compensation, and lighting.

EYE-STRAIN AND OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE

In 1910 the Census Bureau issued a classified list of between 7,000 and 8,000 separate and distinct occupations. Dividing these occupations into groups, says a bulletin of the American Medical Association, designed to indicate their rôles in creating or increasing the disease directly or indirectly the result of eye-strain, it has been shown that the least eye-strain will, as a rule, be found in that group classed as farmers, agricultural laborers, common laborers, soldiers, and railway workmen; and the most eye-strain will be found in the group classed as students, clergymen, all professional men, clerks, engravers, draughtsmen, and the like.

In the first group, composing 40 per cent of the population, 1 to 20 per cent have ocular or eye-strain diseases. In the last group, composing 20 per cent of the population, 80 to 100 per cent have ocular or eye-strain diseases. Eye-strain, says this bulletin, increases with work at near range—as in office, store, and home—and the modern growth of population is largely taken up by the town and city. The nearer the work and the more minute, the greater the eye-strain. The more constant this focalization, the more severe the eye-strain. With decrease of the illumination below a high physiologic standard there is a geometrical increase of eye-strain. It is a well-established fact that either the overuse of the eyes or the use of the eyes under bad conditions may give rise to eye fatigue or to eye-strain, and many eye specialists believe that at least 80 to 90 per cent of headaches are dependent on eye-strain.

WHAT IS A CARAT?

Every one knows that diamonds are measured by carats as to weight, but how many people know that the carat itself has been variable as a standard? Mr. George F. Kunz, the well-known expert, has been urging that the carat should be the same in all countries, and a

long step toward this was taken on July 1, when the United States Treasury Department adopted the 200-milligramme carat as the standard for customs purposes. This carat is equal to 3.08647 grains, and is now official in France, Germany, Spain, Japan, Switzerland, Holland, Portugal, Rumania, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Belgium.

In a recent article in "Science," which we find summarized in the New York "Evening Post," Mr. Kunz gives a brief history of the long fight for a uniform measure for precious stones and explains why the obvious unit should be an integral part of the metric system. He also gives an interesting table showing the various carats that have been in common use among jewelers. There are twenty-four in his table (excluding the new one), and they range from that of Turin, at 213.5 milligrammes, to the Bologna carat of 188.6 milligrammes. To be sure, comments the "Evening Post," the difference between these extremes is less than four-tenths of a grain, but in weighing such concentrated stuff as diamonds four-tenths of a grain multiplied a few times runs into a considerable number of dollars.

THE GOVERNMENT TEACHES ROAD BUILDING

So far has the Government advanced in the problems connected with road construction that efforts are now being made, as a recent bulletin of the Department of Agriculture points out, to teach the country that the expenditure of large sums of money on certain types of roads may result almost in a total waste. A road built of materials which would be ideal in one locality may not serve the purpose at all elsewhere, and the money expended may bring scarcely any result in reducing the cost of hauling or making it easier for the farmer to get to the shipping point with his crops.

In order to aid farmers who want to build their own roads and to assist various communities that desire to improve the roads near by, the Office of Public Roads of the Department of Agriculture has employed experts to test all materials and study their usefulness on roads subjected to certain traffic conditions. The Office of Public Roads is now acting in an advisory capacity to many States and counties, giving a most practical form of National aid.

On roads where there is a very heavy traffic it has been found that certain kinds of materials are better than others, and that while one kind of binder may not serve the purpose at all, another kind is ideal and preserves the road indefinitely. Millions of dollars doubtless have been wasted in the past because of the absence of the scientific knowledge which is now being obtained. There is no longer any excuse for

any community building the wrong kind of road, as the Office of Public Roads stands ready to furnish any information that may be desired as to the course that should be pursued.

NEW YORK'S NEW SUBWAYS

An editorial in the "Scientific American" declares that "so quietly and unostentatiously is the new method of excavation being carried on that the residents of New York are not confronted by any physical evidences of the really great magnitude of the undertaking, such as marked the construction of the first subway. Yet it is a fact that the building of what is known as the Dual System involves an expenditure of capital that is over one-half as great as that which has been invested in the Panama Canal. The Canal, when completed, will have cost about \$375,000,000; it will cost \$200,000,000 to construct the new city-owned subways.

"The latest reports of the engineers of the Public Service Commission show that there is now under contract \$83,000,000 worth of work on the new subway, and that the average daily force employed is 7,000 men. About two-fifths, therefore, of this great work is already under way. Before the end of the year contracts to the value of about \$60,000,000 will have been let, which means that nine months after the signing of the Dual System operating contract actual construction work will be in progress on three-quarters of the city-owned lines.

"The total length of the new system will be about eighty miles, of which forty-five miles will form an extension of the present Interborough system and thirty-five miles will represent the New York Municipal system. These figures, however, cover merely the length of the road; and since the subway will consist of two, three, and four track lines, the single-track mileage will be not far short of 200 miles."

MEASURING POLLUTION OF ATMOSPHERE

Observations with the standard apparatus and method of measuring the soot and dust fall of towns and cities were commenced in October last in the following towns and cities: London, Hamburg, Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, Crewe, Exeter, Hull, Malvern, Leicester, Newcastle, Plymouth, and York. As Hamburg has agreed to adopt the standard form of apparatus and method of collection, it is hoped that other German towns and cities will follow its lead, and that all the European records of atmospheric pollution, wherever obtained, may in time be based upon one uniform method of collection and examination.

The Department of Industrial Research in the University of Pittsburgh has been engaged also for some time past in an investigation of the smoke problem in America, and it would be a fitting close to the labors of the staff engaged

in this research if they could initiate a similar system of observation of the soot and dust fall in the more important cities of the United States. The need for the adoption of a uniform system of collecting and examining the character of atmospheric pollution is proved clearly by the fact that all the observations yet made in different towns and countries are worthless for comparative purposes, since each observer has used a different apparatus or method and has applied it under different conditions.—*Metallurgical and Chemical Engineering.*

A GREAT SAVING

Secretary Lane, of the Interior Department, through the Bureau of Mines, has accomplished a valuable bit of conservation in Oklahoma, where there has been great waste of natural gas in connection with oil drilling. Last spring it was estimated that this waste in one field alone amounted to upward of \$20,000 a day. Under Secretary Lane's direction the Bureau of Mines sent three experts into the oil district to investigate and remedy this situation. These men are petroleum engineers and gas experts, and through their help the oil operators are now conserving the natural gas in many practical ways. The following is an extract from a letter from a prominent oil man in Oklahoma to Secretary Lane: "I beg to thank your Department and the Bureau of Mines for the very valuable service it has rendered the producers of the mid-continent field generally, including myself, through your gas expert, in successfully demonstrating to us the novel, inexpensive, and invaluable Pollard system for the shutting in of gas in gas wells of exceptional pressure and volume so as both to conserve and retain the gas and to drill successfully through gas-bearing strata to deeper formations in search of oil."

SEASONING WOOD BY ELECTRICITY

In the Nodon process of seasoning timber by electricity, the newly felled trees are sawn into thick planks and laid on a false flooring, one on top of the other, with the interposition, however, of moistened matting or similar material between each layer to act as electrodes for the introduction of an alternating current which is passed for ten hours or so. The effect of the current is to produce chemical changes in the cellulose and the sap, rendering them impervious to decay. Further, the sap loses those gummy and hygroscopic characteristics which normally prevent rapid drying. It is claimed that timber thus treated is ready for use a few weeks after it is felled, and is harder, stronger, more homogeneous, easier to work, and less warped by moisture than timber which has been seasoned by the ordinary air-drying process.—*Industrial Engineering.*

BY THE WAY

At a performance in Washington of "Disraeli" President Wilson is reported to have applauded this passage vigorously: Disraeli is asked, "What is the solution of the problem? War?" "War," is the reply, "is not a solution. It is an aggravation." The speculators who have been betting that there will be a war with Mexico should take this report to heart.

A Frenchwoman, Mme. Pallier, has made a new record for women aviators. She flew 174 miles without stopping.

The "Spugs," the society formed last year in New York City for the prevention of useless giving during the holidays, is again active. Mrs. August Belmont, the president, says that girls earning small salaries have in the past had to spend several weeks' pay in "swapping" Christmas gifts and in contributing toward gifts for heads of departments in the big stores. The society wants to discourage these unfair burdens imposed on working-girls, but it by no means discourages real giving.

Among the famous men who have recently become abstainers is Enrico Caruso, the opera singer, who is now in America on a professional tour. He is the owner of an extensive vineyard in Italy, "but, alas!" he says, "I cannot drink the wine from those delicious grapes, for I am now on the water wagon, as you Americans so happily sing it."

A striking instance of the control of the "dead hand" is furnished by the condition of the Sailors' Snug Harbor of New York, on Staten Island. This home for sailors is maintained by the estate of Captain Randall, who died in 1801 and left a farm of twenty-two acres in New York City to support the home. This land is now worth millions, but the buildings on it have become dilapidated and bring in but little income. The trustees of the Harbor are seeking permission from the courts to sell some of the land in order to make improvements; but the State has opposed this because such action would destroy a "vested estate."

Trinity Church in New York City has just planted in its grounds a cutting from the "Holy Thorn" of Glastonbury, England. The legend is that Joseph, a disciple of St. Philip, carried a hawthorn stick when he went into Great Britain in the year 63 A.D., and this, when he stuck it into the ground, miraculously took root and flourished, and has since been known as the "Holy Thorn."

The transatlantic steamers have seldom experienced such fierce storms as they met during the past month. Marine phraseology is notable for its lack of exaggeration, and "full gale" in the logs of many of the vessels meant a wild storm, with passengers kept below decks, and

with such incidents as that reported from the North German Lloyd steamer Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm—"eight-ton port anchor carried away."

The storms at sea have been more than matched by those on land and on the Great Lakes. The Lakes have been strewn with wrecks, and a fierce blizzard that swept northern Ohio cost several lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars damage. Cleveland especially suffered from this storm.

New Jersey has followed New York City's example in prohibiting smoking or carrying lighted cigars or cigarettes in the street cars, in so far as those controlled by the Public Service Corporation are concerned.

The statue called the "Greek Slave," by Hiram Powers, which was regarded as the high-water mark in sculpture by a former generation, was recently sold at auction for \$1,250. The statue was once owned by A. T. Stewart, who paid \$11,000 for it in the days of its greatest popularity.

The Tenement-House Commissioner of New York City has issued a series of warnings telling tenants how to avoid fire. Some of these are: "Don't keep matches where children can reach them; don't kindle fires with kerosene; don't keep incumbrances on fire-escapes; don't keep rubbish in cellars and yards; make yourself acquainted with the means of fire escape from your residence; don't wait till fire breaks out—do it now."

Strange coincidences come into the day's work of the quick-witted headline writers of the newspapers. Here is an example: "The Herrings, Assisted by Policeman Schrimp, Catch Harry Schmelt." Reading the brief account of the capture of a housebreaker, we find that the facts are strictly as foreshadowed in the headlines. As a final coincidence, this piscatorial paragraph is headed: "And It was Friday Too!"

A Negro has been elected Mayor of Battersea, England. This is said to be the first time that a man of the Negro race has ever been elected to such an office in Great Britain.

A subscriber inquires, "What became of the New York 'Ledger'?" It was the first story paper I remember. In the late fifties, as a bit of a lad, it was my first fiction reading; at that time many good people considered all fiction to be unwholesome reading." After the death of the "Ledger's" founder, Robert Bonner, a man of original ideas who made a fortune out of the paper, the periodical declined in circulation, its form was changed, and a few years ago it ceased publication.

The wonderful turbines which will drive the great new Cunarder Aquitania are the latest product of marine engineering. They have a

total weight of 1,400 tons, and contain more than a million turbine blades.

Sir Francis Seymour Haden's etchings continue in high favor among collectors. At a recent auction sale of etchings by this famous master impressions of his "Thames Fisherman" and of his "Sunset in Ireland" brought respectively \$500 and \$460.

A correspondent suggests that the statement in *The Outlook* of November 8 that acting Governor Taylor, of New Jersey, was a railway brakeman ten years ago is misleading; he says that Mr. Taylor was not a brakeman by occupation, but, as a college student needing money for his education, that he took a job one summer on the railway. This statement makes the rise of Governor Taylor seem less meteoric, but certainly not less creditable.

Dr. Ludwig Fulda, the German dramatist, now lecturing in this country, says that Americans regard the drama as an amusement rather than an art. "Abroad we are more serious. The stage there is respected more as a museum or a library would be, as an artistic institution. In the playhouses there, there is a sort of feeling of reverence, as in a church, that I have not seen here. I am speaking now of the best in dramatic art."

To be uniformly successful in the gentle art of making enemies, says Dr. Crothers in the "Christian Register," you must infuse an element of scorn into what you do and say. Saint Francis, for all his truth-telling, could make no foes. When he "went forth to meet the wicked wolf of Gubbio, and addressed him, with genial courtesy, as 'Brother Wolf,' . . . 'the wolf, with gestures of body, tail, and eyes, showed that he had accepted what Saint Francis said, and would observe it.' What an opportunity lost for pious wolf-baiting!"

"Heffelfinger, single-handed, tore up the line at every charge." It is pleasant to read that a man of forty-five, who has been out of the football game for years, can "come back" with such effect, in competition with the flower of Yale's younger athletes, even if only in a practice game. Dr. Osler please note.

"What is the difference between a biped and a quadruped?" the pupils were asked, according to a voracious newspaper humorist. And one of the boys answered: "A biped has two legs and a quadruped has four legs; therefore the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."

England, in a time of peace, will next year have 150,000 sailors and marines, a greater number than she had during the greatest crisis of the Napoleonic wars.

"I made the usual bromidic observation that it was warm," says a writer in the "Country Gentleman." "Warm?" the Mohave Desert man drawled. "Now out at my ranch there

was a warmish day I recall. I had a lazy rooster what was getting old. On this day he was onusual lazy. The shade where he was settin' passed plumb round him and left him wide open to the sun. Yes, he was done to a turn when I picked him up. I dressed him carefully and the missus made a pan of gravy by just shovin' the pan out in the sunlight and pulling it in quick so her hand wouldn't scorch. Ain't no doubt it's warm here in spots, but it's nothin' to Needles; Needles is hot!"

Mrs. Sarah Todd, the sister-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, is said to be still living in Eugene, Oregon, at the advanced age of 103. Her name comes into the newspapers as casting her first vote, a few days ago, at a referendum election.

A locomotive engineer, E. F. McKenzie, recently won a prize for the best article on "Rules for Keeping a Lookout on a Busy Road." A few of his rules are: "I abstain absolutely from all intoxicating liquors; never come to work except in the best of health; take all the rest I can get; live happily with my family and leave my family affairs absolutely at home and think only of the work ahead when on duty; tell all my stories and do all my talking to the fireman before leaving, and allow no conversation on the engine while running." With modifications, these are good rules for almost any occupation.

The Anglo-American Exposition, which is to be held next year, opening in May, at London, will be unique among great expositions in the matter of preparedness. The announcement is made that the splendid buildings planned for the Exposition are now ready for the reception of exhibits, months in advance of the time of opening. This promptness augurs well for the success of the exhibition, for other great fairs have usually been complete only about the time of closing.

Lord Cockburn, says "Tit-Bits," after a long stroll, sat down on a hillside beside a shepherd, and observed that the sheep selected the coldest situation for lying down. "Mac," said he, "I think, if I were a sheep, I should certainly have preferred the other side of that hill." The shepherd answered: "Ay, my lord; but, if you had been a sheep, ye would have had mair sense." And Lord Cockburn was never tired of relating the story and turning the laugh on himself.

Madame Marchesi, the noted teacher of singing, who recently died in London, numbered among her pupils Melba, Calvé, Sibyl Sanderson, and many other famous stars of the operatic stage. She never sang herself in giving instruction; gave no individual lessons; taught only those who intended to become professional singers; and always "made haste slowly" with her pupils, giving her classes only three lessons a week.